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A GERMAN TRUST SONG.

Just as God leads me I would go;
I would not ask to choose my way;
Content with what He will bestow,
Assured He will not let me stray.
So as He leads my path I make,
And step by step I gladly take,
A child in him confiding.

Just as God leads, I am content;
I rest me calmly in His hands;
That which He has decreed and sent —
That which His will for me commands,
I would that He should all fulfil,
That I should do His gracious will
In living or in dying.

Just as God leads, I all resign;
I trust me to my Father's will;
When reason's rays deceptive shine,
His counsel would I yet fulfill.
That which His love ordained as right,
Before he brought me to the light,
My all to Him resigning.

Just as God leads me, I abide
In faith, in hope, in suffering, true;
His strength is ever by my side —
Can aught my hold on Him undo?
I hold me firm in patience, knowing
That God my life is still bestowing —
The best in kindness sending.

Just as God leads, I onward go,
Oft amid thorns and briers keen;
God does not yet His guidance show —
But in the end it shall be seen
How by a loving father's will,
Faithful and true He leads me still.
Thus anchored, faith is resting.

LAMPERTUS, 1735.

A, B, C.

A is an Angel of blushing eighteen;
B is the Ball where the Angel was seen;
C is her Chaperone, who cheated at cards;
D is the Deux temps, with Frank of the Guards;
E is the Eye which those dark lashes cover;
F is the Fan it peeped wickedly over;
G is the Glove of superlative Kid;
H is the Hand which it spitefully hid;

I is the Ice which spent nature demanded;
J is the Juvenile, who hurried to hand it;
K is the Kerchief, a rare work of art;
L is the Lace which composed the chief part;
M is the old Maid who watched the girls dance;
N is the Nose she turned up at each glance;
O is the Olga (just then in its prime);
P is the Partner, who wouldn't keep time;
Q's a Quadrille, put instead of the Lancers;
R the Remonstrances made by the dancers;
S is the Supper, where all went in pairs;
T is the Twaddle they talked on the stairs;
U is the Uncle, who 'thought we'd be going';
V is the Voice which his niece replied 'No' in;
W is the Waiter, who sat up till eight;
X is his Exit, not rigidly straight;
Y is a Yawning-fit caused by the Ball;
Z stands for Zero, or nothing at all.

*"Verses and Translations by C. S. C[alverley].
First series."*

NATURE'S LAST GIFT.

Mother, when the light is dead,
And the night-throngs round us thicken,
Are there other joys instead,
Which the holy dark must quicken?

Is there any gift of thine,
That may help the heart from madness,
Or must life, like day, decline
From sadness unto sadness?

Youth was sweet, and childhood sweeter,
But man's strength is won with strife:
Growth is surely meet, but meeter
Quaffing of the wines of life.

Hitherto thy gifts we know —
All so dear, but ah! so dying:
Wilt thou give us, ere we go,
Joy that hath no wings for flying?

Lo! 'tis thou, and not another,
From whose life our lips have breath:
Couldst thou send us, oh! our mother,
Empty to the doors of Death?

Nay — and Night shall not disarm us
Of our last desire and best:
Thou hast yet one gift to charm us,
Is it Rest, — is it Rest?

J. R.

— Spectator.

From the Quarterly Review.

1. *Les Forçats pour la Foi. Etude Historique, 1684-1755.* Par Athanase Coquerel, Fils. Paris, 1866.
2. *Mémoires d'un Protestant condamné aux Galères de France pour Cause de Religion.* Paris, 1864.
3. *Arnold Delahaize; or the Huguenot Pastor.* London, 1863.
4. *Henri de Rohan; or the Huguenot Refugee.* By Francisca Ingram Oavry, author of 'Arnold Delahaize.' London, 1865.

THE mournful yet glorious annals of religious persecution form a chapter of undying interest in human history. The names of persecutors and of martyrs stand out on its pages in conspicuous and unfading colours. Imagination invests both alike with something of the super-human. In the former a perfection of malignity, an induration of the heart and conscience, naturally suggest the idea of fiendish inspiration; in the latter a sublime combination of fortitude and meekness seems to exalt our poor human nature to the confines of the divine. In all that band of heroes, who, in various countries and periods, have given their lives for their religion, we find a common type. Minor differences of race and character are merged in the assimilating element of a victorious faith. Englishman and Frenchman, Hollander and Italian, Asiatic and African, have in their turn undergone the fiery trial; yet it would be difficult to discriminate the special features which have distinguished each, or to award the palm of fortitude among the rival martyrs. All of them, in truth, were fellow-soldiers in that 'noble army,' and the banner under which they fought was the common standard of Christendom.

The sufferings of the Protestants of France in the reign of Louis XIV., subsequent to the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, are in their general features familiar to most readers of history. The 'Dragonnades,' which, under the influence of his Minister Louvois and of his Jesuitical and priestly counsellors, the King inflicted upon his unoffending Huguenot subjects, will affix an everlasting stigma on the reign of the 'Grand Monarque.' A brutal soldiery, subject to no check or restraint, were quartered in the homes of the families who adhered to the Reformed faith, and they exercised the utmost rigour of pillage, torture, and outrage, without distinction of sex or age, upon the helpless recusants. Neither was escape permitted to those who

found the persecution in their homes intolerable. The strictest precautions were adopted to deprive the victims of tyranny of that alternative. The guards were doubled at the frontiers; the peasants were enjoined to aid in arresting fugitives; soldiers were dispersed over every part of the country, and rigorous orders were given to stop any person passing the frontiers without a passport. In spite of all these precautions, it is true, great numbers of the persecuted did find means to escape, and settled themselves in foreign countries, of which they and their descendants became some of the most valued citizens. But the escape of these fortunate persons was not effected without fearful risk: confinement to the galleys for life was the penalty of the arrested fugitive.

The condition of those upon whom this sentence was carried out may be described without any exaggeration as 'worse than death.' It was death in a multitude of cases without the elevating consciousness of martyrdom, or the mercy of a speedy release from suffering. It was a gradual death from excessive labour and ill-usage, terminating a servitude in which the wretched victim underwent almost every form of misery most terrible to human nature — cold, hunger, chains, scourging, sickness — superadded to the occasional horrors of naval warfare and the perils of shipwreck. Descriptions of other forms of persecution have often moved our sympathies. We have shuddered at the martyrdoms of the stake, the pincers, or the rack —

'the agonising wheel,
Luke's iron crown and Damien's bed of steel,'

but the condition of the galley-slave, the details of whose sufferings were out of sight and little known, excite in our minds a much less keen emotion. It conveys, indeed, a vague notion of severe and unremitting labour; but we do not recognise in it what it really was — a form of martyrdom more calculated, perhaps, than any other to test to the uttermost the capacity of endurance in human beings.

Of the sufferings of these unhappy 'Forçats pour la Foi,' as they were popularly called by their contemporaries, some interesting records have been preserved in such of the memoirs and narratives, drawn up by the sufferers themselves, as have come down to us. The compilation of M. Athanase Coquerel, under the above title, furnishes a good, though brief, account derived

from such sources, of the nature and extent of the persecution of which the galleys were the scene. Among the documents comprised in this volume is a catalogue, formed from a collection of various extant lists, of the Protestants under sentence at the galleys from 1684 to 1762, specifying their names, and, in the majority of cases, their places of birth, age, sentence, period of suffering, and the date of its termination, whether by release or death. One of the most complete of these lists, that of M. M. Haag, gives a total—probably below the truth—of no less than 1480 convicts, condemned to the galleys for adherence to the reformed faith during the period referred to. Almost every variety of age, class, and condition, is represented in these rolls. The youth of fifteen or sixteen, sentenced for attending with his parents at their prayer-meetings, and the old man of seventy years and upwards, whose brief remnant of life was in most cases speedily cut short by the rigours of his treatment, are found there. There, among the humble and low-born members of the reformed church are enrolled no less than forty-six gentlemen of birth, and two chevaliers of the order of St. Louis. There are the names of some men, such as the erudite Louis de Marolles, eminent for their attainments in science and learning, and who found even in their vile floating dungeons some consolation from, and means to carry on, their cherished studies. Of the ministers of the proscribed religion but very few names occur, which is explained by the fact that it was only in rare exceptions that the sentence of death in their case was commuted for the doubtful mercy of the galleys. What is more remarkable is the appearance in this martyr-roll of a few individuals, born and educated as Roman Catholics, who embraced, in the very midst of the storm that raged against it, the persecuted side. One of these converts was Jean Bion, the chaplain of the 'La Superbe' galley, who has recorded in his touching narrative, published in London and at Amsterdam in 1708-9, the circumstances which impelled him 'to preach the faith which once he destroyed.' It was when he visited in the hold of the vessel the mangled and bleeding sufferers who had undergone the terrible 'bastonade' for refusing to kneel at the celebration of the mass, and when shocked at that spectacle he found himself addressed by them in words of comfort and encouragement, that his heart was melted and his creed changed. 'Their blood,' he says, 'preached to me, and I felt myself a Protestant.'

The account of the treatment and condition of the convicts on board the galleys, which is to be found in M. Coquerel's volume, is mainly derived from the other work, of which the title is also prefixed to this article, the 'Mémoires of Jean Marteilhe.' The genuineness of this narrative which was originally published at Rotterdam in 1757, and is referred to in several contemporary publications, appears to be beyond question. The work had, however, become extremely scarce; only two or three copies were known to exist, and it was with some difficulty rescued from oblivion. It was known, however, to M. Michelet, who in the 13th volume of his 'History of France,' containing an account of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, referred to and cited from the volume, characterising the neglect to re-publish it as discreditable to Protestants, and describing it in these terms:—

'C'est un livre du premier ordre par la charmante naïveté du récit, l'angélique douceur, écrit comme entre terre et ciel. Comment ne le ré-imprime-t-on pas ?'

The re-publication of the volume in Paris in 1864, under the editorship of M. Pauthier, is the answer to this appeal; and we do not hesitate to say that a more valuable contribution to the records of genuine martyrology could hardly be found. The style of the narrative in its graphic simplicity reminds us of Defoe; but the well-authenticated facts which it relates are more interesting than fiction, and the incidents not less strange. The pictures which Miss Ouvry has drawn in her two pleasing tales of the sufferings of the high-minded Huguenot martyrs, though delineated with ingenuity and skill, must yield in interest to the unadorned but vivid records of personal experience contained in Marteilhe's pages. The narrator is a young Frenchman, who from the year 1700 to 1713, when, through the intervention of our Queen Anne, he and some hundreds of his fellow Protestants were released from bondage, underwent the punishment of the galleys. The tale of suffering is told with a candour and ingenuousness extremely captivating, and in a spirit of moderation and forbearance towards his persecutors which increases our sympathy for the writer. In addition to the personal narrative, Marteilhe gives a very full and interesting description of the French galleys,—their construction and equipment, the organisation of their crews, their discipline, and the treatment of the

miserable beings who worked in them. His volume contains also an unusual variety of striking incidents and illustrations of human character, exhibited sometimes in its lowest degradation, sometimes in its noblest aspects of fortitude and devotion. The constancy of those humble confessors who endured patiently for many years the abominations of such a hell upon earth as the convict-ships, from which, at any moment, a simple declaration of conformity to the faith of their persecutors would have set them free, entitles them beyond all question to a high place in the roll of martyrs. We believe that a summary of the leading points of Marteilhe's narrative will interest our readers, and we shall be glad if it should be the means of making his touching narrative better known.

'I was born,' says the writer, 'at Bergerac, a small town in the province of Perigord, in the year 1684, my parents being persons of the middle class engaged in trade, who, by the grace of God, lived and remained constant unto death in the principles of the reformed faith, and whose conduct was without reproach, bringing up their children in the fear of God, and instructing them in the tenets of the true religion, and avoidance of the papal errors.'

It was in the year 1699, that the Duke de la Force, a renegade from the principles of the reformed faith, which his ancestors had nobly upheld and suffered for, obtained a commission from the King to go down to Perigord, in which province he had large estates, 'to convert the Huguenots.' The instruments which he employed for this service were of two kinds—they were four Jesuit fathers and a regiment of dragoons. The keen blades of the latter were found even more efficacious in subduing heresy than the arguments of the former. There were no cruelties which these booted missionaries did not put in force to compel their miserable victims to attend the mass, and to abjure the Protestant religion with the most dreadful forms of imprecation. No less than twenty-two of these ruthless dragoons were quartered in the house of the Marteilhe family. The father was consigned to prison; two sons and daughters, who were but children, were sent into a convent. The mother alone was left in the house with this gang of ruffians, who inflicted shocking cruelties upon her. Having destroyed or plundered all that was in the house, and left only the four walls standing, they dragged the unhappy woman before the Duke, who compelled her by violence and menaces to sign the formulary of con-

version, protesting as she did so against the force which was put upon her will. Jean Marteilhe, then but sixteen years of age, managed to effect his escape from Bergerac by night, in company with a young friend and fellow-townsmen of about his own age; they entered into a compact together, while they implored the Divine protection, to remain firm and constant to the reformed faith, even at the peril of death or the galleys. How nobly this vow was kept will appear by the sequel.

Provided with a small sum of money for their journey, the fugitives reached Paris without hindrance, and there procured directions for a route by which they hoped to evade the vigilance of the guards at the frontiers, and make their way to Charleroi, at which place they would be outside of the French pale, and under the protection of a Dutch garrison. Great caution and presence of mind were necessary as they approached the confines of their land of refuge, but they had escaped some imminent perils, and were actually out of France, when a sudden alarm caused them to deviate a little from the prescribed route, and to re-enter France territory at the town of Mariembourg. A spy, however, had watched their movements and suspected their intentions, and hoping to get a reward for his information, he had them arrested at a tavern in Mariembourg and brought before the Governor of that town. After a brief examination, in which they avowed their religious profession, but denied their intention to quit France (a breach of truth for which the writer afterwards warmly reproached himself), they were committed to prison, and the governor sent a courier to Paris for instructions how to deal with his captives. The rescript directed that the fugitives should be put upon their trial for the offence of being at the frontier without a passport, but that, meanwhile, the curate of Mariembourg should use his efforts to bring them back to the fold of the Church, and that in the event of his succeeding and abjuration being made, they should receive a free pardon and be taken back to their homes. The officer in whose charge they were, himself a concealed Protestant, and full of sympathy for his prisoners, reported to them this answer:—'I give you no advice,' he said, 'as to what you ought to do, your own faith and conscience will best direct you. All that I have to tell you is that your abjuration will open your prison-doors; without it you will certainly be sent to the galleys.' Thanking him for his kind intentions, the prisoners declared that, placing

their trust in God's mercy and support, they would never betray the faith that was dearer to them than their lives. The curate then proceeded to try his polemical skill, but finding them well primed on the usual topics of controversy, and being himself but indifferently skilled in arguing, he soon desisted from the attempt to convince their minds, and tried to sap their resolution with another kind of weapon. Having a young and pretty niece with a fair dowry, he proposed to bestow the damsel in marriage on Marteilhe, as the reward of his conformity, but met with so peremptory a refusal that he at once reported to the authorities that the conversion of the prisoners was hopeless, and that they were 'reprobates under the dominion of the devil.' Thereupon a process of trial was instituted, and a sentence passed by the local judge, which recited that the prisoners being of the reformed religion, and convicted of an attempt to leave the kingdom, were condemned to the galleys for life, with confiscation of their goods and other consequences. This judgment, however, required to be confirmed before it could be put in execution, by the Parliament of Tournay, and to that city the prisoners were marched, bound together with cords, lodged in vile prisons in the towns at which they halted, and treated as criminals of the worst class.

At Tournay they were again consigned to a dungeon, and the hearing of their cause was postponed at the instance of the curate, who desired to have time allowed for their conversion. This process, however, it was sought to effect rather by temporal than spiritual arguments. With the latter he troubled them but little, contenting himself with inquiring when he paid his visits at intervals whether they were not tired of suffering, and reminding them that their liberation rested with themselves, 'if they would only renounce the errors of Calvin.' The trial to which their faith was now exposed was a very painful one. For many weeks they lay in this dungeon, their only food being a portion of bread per day, so insufficient as to reduce them almost to starvation. 'We became so weak and emaciated,' says Marteilhe, 'that it was well for us that a little rotten straw filled with vermin, on which we lay, was close to the door of our cell, through the grating of which our bread was thrown to us, as if we had been dogs, for had we been farther from the door we should not have had strength to get at it.' In this extremity they were surprised one day by having two other prisoners placed in the same cell with them,

who turned out to be acquaintances and school-fellows of their own, and who had been apprehended for the same cause as Huguenot refugees. The new comers had money with them, which enabled their half-starved friends to gain some relief from the pangs of hunger. But their arrival introduced a new temptation and trial of faith. Less stern in their principles, these men had been prepared to leave their country for their religion, and once out of France would doubtless have remained good Protestants, but they had no stomach for the galleys, and when the alternative was placed before them of a life of misery and bondage with adhesion to their principles, or pardon and freedom on making abjuration, their resolution broke down. They avowed their weakness, and wept over it to their companions, who earnestly remonstrated against such a betrayal of the cause of truth, and strove to inspire them with a fortitude like their own, but to no purpose. The Romish Church recovered back the two pretended converts, who having after some trouble obtained their pardon, received commissions in the King's service, and were not long after killed in action.

At length after several fruitless attempt to procure their abjuration, Marteilhe and his companion were summoned before the court of the Parliament of Tournay. The evidence of their intention to quit the kingdom was by no means clear, for the accused, who showed much intelligence in their defence, made a skilful use of the fact that they had actually crossed the French frontier, and had voluntarily re-entered it, added to which one of the judges had for some reason, which does not appear, been biassed in their favour. The result was that they were actually acquitted by the court of the charge of attempting to escape, and they expected nothing less than immediate liberation. But in this hope they were cruelly disappointed. Being prisoners of State, their discharge could not be decreed without the sanction of the Government. Reference was made to Paris, and after a fortnight's delay arrived the fatal rescript from the Marquis de la Vrillière, Minister of State, conveying the king's order, that 'Jean Marteilhe and Daniel le Gras having been found at the frontier without a passport, should be condemned to the galleys.' This decree, though contrary to its own finding, the Parliament of Tournay was obliged to register, and the sentence was accordingly pronounced, that the prisoners having been duly convicted of professing the reformed religion, and having attempted to leave the kingdom

with a view to the free possession of the same, were condemned to serve for life as convicts in the king's galleys.

Under this sentence the prisoners were at once removed to Lille, where the gang, or 'chain,' of galley slaves was formed previously to their being sent to their destination. At Lille they were cast into a dark and filthy dungeon, into which no light was admitted night or day, and which was already tenanted by about thirty ruffians, who had been convicted of every kind of crime, and who were allowed to exercise outrageous license against their fellow prisoners. Here also the poor Protestants endured cruel treatment from the gaoler and his myrmidons, who grossly abused their authority, but after a time they found a friend and protector in one of the chief officials of the prison, who, having some Protestant connexions settled near Bergerac, had been interested by them on behalf of these young men. From him they received much kind treatment, and were relieved as far as possible from the rigours of the prison; he procured for them also a respite of some months on the plea of sickness when the other prisoners were sent off to the galleys. Such mitigations, however, could be but temporary; the time came at last for another gang to be removed to Dunkirk, and being advised that their condition at that place would be one of less suffering than if they waited till the departure of the next body destined for Marseilles, they submitted to their fate. On arriving at Dunkirk Marteilhe was separated from his companion, and put on board a galley called, in cruel mockery, 'La Heureuse,' being one of a squadron of six which were stationed at that port.

The French galleys, of which the principal stations were at Calais, Marseilles, and Dunkirk, were vessels of about 150 feet in length, and 40 in width. On either side of each galley were twenty-five tiers or benches, to each of which was attached a long and heavy oar pulled by six convicts, who were chained by one leg to their bench. The complement of rowers to each galley was 300, of whom a sixth part were Turks, who had been purchased as prisoners by the French government. In addition to these there was about fifty free mariners, who worked the sails and otherwise helped in the management of the vessel; there were also about a hundred soldiers, and a considerable body of officers, who were required both for the command of the soldiers and mariners, and for the custody and supervision of the slaves. Each galley had at her

bow five guns carrying from eighteen to thirty-six pounds each, and the mode of warfare adopted by them in attacking another vessel was to bear down with all the force of their oars, so as to drive the prow of the galley into the enemy's stern, then, firing all their guns into him, to board with their soldiers and mariners. In this warfare there were some advantages on the side of the galleys; while, on the other hand, there were considerable drawbacks. In the first place, their great force of oarsmen gave them much advantage of speed and facility of manœuvring. In a time of dead calm, when a frigate would be powerless to move, the galley had it all her own way, and with her numerous armed force on board was a very formidable adversary. On the other hand, the structure of the galley, lightly built, and very low in the water, made it impossible for her to venture out to sea, except with great caution, and in settled fine weather. It was impossible to navigate such vessels in a heavy sea, and to encounter a ship of war at a time when the latter could use her sails would have been almost certain destruction, for at such time it was in the power of the enemy, bearing down full upon the galley, to run her down, and send her to the bottom. Another element of weakness which almost disqualified these vessels for hostile action was the danger to which they were exposed from their own slave crews taking part with the enemy. A considerable proportion of the soldiers on board were kept in reserve to prevent mutiny, and guns were kept always ready charged and pointed against the rowers; yet the remedy in such a case would have been as bad as the disease, for to destroy the rowers would have been to paralyse the ship, and leave her helpless at the mercy of the enemy. The result was that the galleys were but little used except for coasting service, to make a descent upon an enemy's shores, or to cut off a becalmed straggler. Sometimes, too, they were employed on State occasions to convey persons of eminence, or in the service of the Government, to some port in the Mediterranean. But the chief use of the galleys was as a place of custody and punishment for persons convicted of flagrant crimes, among which at the time of which we speak, none was regarded as more heinous or meriting severer treatment than the heresy of Protestantism.

The officer on board immediately concerned with the charge and chastisement of these wretched outcasts were styled the *Comite*, under whom were two others called *Sous-Comites*. Their implement of office

was the formidable *cow-hide* of which we have heard in other slave regions, and not only were they unchecked, but stimulated in the use of it by the superior officers of the ship, whenever circumstances made an unusual exertion of speed desirable. At such times the blows would fall like hail on the backs of the rowers who, stripped from the waist upwards, were tugging at the oars, while bruises and blood followed every stroke, and a chorus of yells ascended from the unhappy victims. These were the ordinary forms of chastisement, or rather of stimulant, employed; for definite offences against rule or discipline was reserved the more terrible punishment of the *bastinado*. The offender was stretched face downwards across the wide plank that traversed the galley from stem to stern, separating the benches. His arms projecting over one bench were firmly held by two convicts, and his legs by two more on the opposite side. A powerful Turk, stripped to the waist, scourged with all his force the bare back of the prostrate victim, the *Comite*, thong in hand, standing by and stimulating the Turk in his turn, if he detected any relaxation in the energy of the other. Rarely, it is said, after ten or twelve such blows did the sufferer retain speech or motion, but the punishment was continued notwithstanding, the patient being brought to life after it was over by a strong infusion of salt and vinegar rubbed into his back. Twenty or thirty lashes were a common punishment, but as many as fifty, eighty or even a hundred were occasionally given; such inflictions as these were generally fatal, but who heeded the death of a galley slave?

Apart from the liability to such tortures, the ordinary condition of these unhappy beings was painful in the extreme; constantly chained to the bench at which they sat by day, and under which they slept by night; exposed to all the vicissitudes of the elements (except in winter, when the galleys were taken into harbour, and some shelter was allowed); covered with vermin; scantily clothed, miserably fed, and degraded almost below the brutes by the treatment they received, they were compelled by sheer force of the whip to render an amount of work at the oar which under no other system could have been extracted from human muscles. 'The labour of a galley slave,' has become proverbial, and not without reason; but probably very few of those who use the illustration realise its force. It is observed by the writer of this narrative that by stress of torture men may be got to do that which would be otherwise impossible. He illus-

trates this by his personal experience. 'No one,' he says, 'looking for the first time at these miserable slaves, could suppose them capable of sustaining the labour of the oar for half an hour at a time. Yet they were occasionally compelled to pull for ten or even twelve hours at a stretch.' 'Nay, he adds that he had himself been forced to row with all his strength for twenty-four hours at a time without any cessation. On such occasions the *Comites* put into the rowers' mouths as they pulled pieces of bread dipped in wine, that they might not take their hands from the oar so as to interrupt the stroke. The scene on board a galley at such a time was horrible in the extreme. The incessant crack of the whip as it descended on the rowers' backs, the yells of the wretched bondsmen bleeding under its strokes, the oaths and threats of the *Comites* enraged at seeing their galley falling out of rank, and the shouts of the officers in command urging them to redouble their blows, formed an assemblage of sights and sounds dreadful to the imagination. Still, at whatever cost of suffering and of life (for many fainted at their work, and never again revived), the end was gained, and an amount of work performed which no voluntary labour could have achieved, nor any bribe or reward extracted from free men. This statement does not rest upon mere conjecture, the experiment was actually tried. Upon one occasion, in the year 1707, the author informs us that the Government of France wished to employ some galleys upon a service in which, on account of the facilities afforded for escape, it was thought undesirable to use the service of the slaves. The galleys were manned accordingly with free mariners — men accustomed to the labour of rowing, but it was found impossible to make them endure the work. The galleys made no way, and the commandant was obliged to write to the Minister and represent to him the impossibility of navigating the vessels otherwise than by slave labour. A striking illustration of the cruel extremities sometimes practised towards the crews is furnished by the following anecdote: —

'On one occasion,' says Marteilhe, 'our galley was at Boulogne, where the Duc d'Anmont, afterwards Ambassador to the English Court, then resided. Our captain, M. de Langernon, entertained the Duke on board his vessel; and as the sea was then calm, and he wished to give his guest some amusement, he proposed to him an excursion out to sea, to which the other assented. We rowed at an easy rate nearly to Dover, and the Duke observing the rough work and wretched condition of the rowers, remarked,

among other things, that he could not understand how these poor wretches could sleep, being so closely packed together, and having no convenience for lying down, except under their benches; to which the captain replied, "I know very well how to make them sleep, and I will prove what I say by the effect of a good dose of opium, which I am preparing for them." He then called the *Comite* and gave him his orders to tack about and return to Boulogne. The tide and wind were now against us, and we were about ten leagues from harbour. Having put the galley about, the captain gave orders to pull "hard all" at the double quick stroke. This stroke is the most severe labour that can be conceived, and takes more out of a crew in one hour than four hours of pulling at the ordinary rate, not to mention that it is impossible to keep it up without sometimes getting out of stroke, and then the wall falls on the rowers like hail. At last we reached Boulogne, but so exhausted and sore with blows that we could hardly move arm or leg. The captain directed the *Comite* to order all hands to lie down, which was done at the sound of the whistle. Meanwhile the Duke and his officers sat down to dinner, and upon their getting up from table after midnight, the captain told the Duke that he should like to see the effect of his opium, and taking him along the gangway, they saw the wretched crew, of whom the greater part were really asleep, but some unable to close their eyes for pain pretended to be so, having had orders to that effect from the captain, who did not choose that his opium should appear to have failed of its effect. But what a horrible sight was then presented to view! Six miserable creatures cowering in a heap one over the other under each bench, all perfectly naked, for none of them had had strength left to put on their shirts; most of them bloody from the stripes of the whip, and their bodies reeking with sweat. "See, Sir," said the captain to his guest, "whether I don't know the secret of making these men sleep; I will now show you that I can make them wake up also." He then gave the order to the *Comite*, who sounded the whistle. Then appeared the most piteous sight that can be imagined. Scarcely one among them was able to rise, their limbs and bodies were so stiff; and it was only by sharp blows of the whip that they were all forced to get up, putting themselves into ludicrous and painful contortions as they did so.

Such was the kind of existence, a life of toil almost insupportable, of blows, of curses, of association with the vilest criminals, of dangers, and of degradations of every kind, which at this time more than 300 Protestants, men of respectable condition of life, of irreproachable character, and, in some instances, of saintly piety, were enduring on board the French galleys; a condition from which, as they were constantly assured by the chaplains on board, who generally proved the most rancorous of their persecu-

tors, a single word from themselves would, within forty-eight hours have set them free. Yet could not all this suffering extort from them a renunciation of their faith.

In some respects, indeed, and especially so far as the influence of priests and Jesuits could be brought to bear against these martyrs of conscience, the 'Huguenot dogs,' as they were called, were even more hardly treated than their criminal associates.

Marteilhe himself, indeed, as appears from his own candid narrative, obtained from various causes an exemption from some of the most dreadful rigours of his lot. Even in favour of these wretched captives some mitigating influence could be and was exercised through the mediation of their co-religionists in various parts of France. This influence operated in various ways. Sometimes the persons in authority over the slaves were in their secret hearts friendly to the faith which they had not the courage openly to profess; sometimes they were worked upon by Protestant friends or connexions. We may collect, too, from this memoir, that there was something in the personal character of Marteilhe — his probity, his truthfulness, his patience, and his superior intelligence — which moved in his behalf the hearts of those who were not utterly steeled to mercy. Nor is it presumptions to believe that, as in the case of his persecuted servants of old, He to whom these poor men so faithfully bore witness, gave them 'favour in the sight' of their stern gaolers and overseers. There were, however, incidents to this cruel service from which there was no privilege of exemption, perils of the sea and perils of war, of which the author of this narrative endured his full share. A striking account is given of a storm in which the galley that he rowed in narrowly escaped foundering. A squall suddenly sprung up in a time of apparently fair weather, and caught the vessel in a situation of great exposure to the wind. All on board gave themselves up for lost, and in that hours of confusion the bonds of discipline being relaxed, the galley-slaves began to triumph, and fearlessly taunted their officers. 'Now gentlemen,' they cried, 'We shall very soon be all upon a footing — we shall all drink out of the same glass presently.' It seemed as if all hope were lost, and they were in the very jaws of death, when they were rescued by the extraordinary skill and adroitness of a fisherman, one Peter Bart, who was on board, an habitual drunkard, but in his sober moments an incomparably skilful seaman. To this man, despairing of all other resources, the captain gave an absolute discretion to save the ves-

sel, making over the command into his own hands. By a marvellous effort of skill this daring and dexterous pilot brought round the galley and steered her safely, with only some slight damage to her bow, into Dunkirk Harbour.

But to the fettered and closely-packed inmates of these floating prisons there was another danger even more dreadful than the tempest. The galley-slaves, when their vessel was in action, were placed between; two fires; that of their own guns and that of the enemy. How frightful was the carnage when from the port-holes of the tall frigate with which they were engaged, the cannon poured down its volleys into that chained and defenceless mass of human beings below! And however much the enemy might be inclined to spare those whose sympathies were probably on his side, he could hardly disregard the fact that, to disable those who constituted the motive power of the vessel was in fact to place the galley at his mercy. A striking illustration of the dangers to which the galley-slaves were exposed, and at the same time one of the most spirited descriptions we have ever met of an obstinate sea-fight, is given by Marteilhe, who was cruelly wounded, and escaped with his life almost by a miracle on that occasion. The singular nature of the contest, and the admirable conduct of one of the combatants, the commander of an English frigate, entitle this action to an honourable place in the records of naval daring.

It was in the year 1708, when the French galleys were employed by their government, then at war with this country, in cruising about the channel to cut off stray ships or make descents on the English coast, that a squadron of six of these vessels, under the command of De Langeron, being not far off, Harwich, got sight of a fleet of merchantmen, thirty-five in number, who were coming from the Texel, and making for the mouth of the Thames, under the convoy of an English frigate, the 'Nightingale,' of thirty-six guns. The prospect of so rich a booty aroused all the ardour of the French commander, who, confident in his superior strength and numbers, instantly formed his plan for capturing the merchantmen and demolishing their convoy. Four of the galleys were ordered to chase and make prize of the merchantmen, which could offer little or no resistance, while De Langeron himself, with his own galley, in which Marteilhe was one of the rowers, prepared to attack the frigate. A sixth galley was in reserve, but did not immediately join in the action. The French captain, who counted on an

easy victory, no sooner came within gunshot of his opponent than he poured in a fire from his guns, to which the frigate made no reply; and the galley was thereupon driven, according to the usual style of attack, with all the force of her oars to crush the stern of the English vessel, the marines being prepared to rush on board and complete the capture. But this manœuvre was frustrated by the skill and presence of mind of the English captain. By a sudden turn of the helm he so shifted his course that the enemy's galley, instead of striking his stern, was brought suddenly up alongside the frigate, with a violence that shattered all the oars on that side the galley. At the same moment, and before the enemy could recover from the shock, the Englishman let down his grapnels, with which he had been previously prepared, and made the galley fast to the frigate's side. Holding his enemy thus locked in his grasp, he poured down upon the low and exposed deck of the galley the point-blank fire of his guns, loaded with grape, which caused the most deadly execution. In a few minutes the galley was covered with dead and wounded, and the survivors, seized with panic, threw themselves on their faces and made no resistance, while a party of the English crew, jumping on board with their cutlasses, cut down every one who came in their way, sparing only the unresisting galley-slaves. All that the French commander was able to do was to hoist, with his own hand, a signal of distress, calling back the other galleys to his assistance. The consort of the distressed galley quickly came up; and the other four, seeing the signal and the imminent danger of their commander, quitted the merchantmen of which they were just about to make prize, and which, finding the coast clear, steered with all speed for the Thames. The whole squadron of galleys now surrounded the frigate, and with their swarming crews, and large force of soldiers and marines, in a short time changed the fortune of the day. After every resource of skill and courage had been exhausted in the defence, the numerical force of the assailants prevailed; the crew of the 'Nightingale,' and, with one exception, all the officers on board, were disabled or taken prisoners. That exception, however, was the captain. From first to last the object of this gallant officer, whose name unfortunately has not been preserved, was to secure the escape of his convoy. With that noble devotion to duty which stamps the English sailor, he had pledged himself, and was prepared to immolate himself and his frigate, and all on board, in order to save

the vessels committed to his charge. So, when all his ship's company were in the hands of the enemy, he fortified himself in the poop, with a number of loaded guns and pistols by his side, with which he threatened destruction to any one who dared to approach. A serjeant and twelve men being sent to dislodge him, he shot down the former, and kept the rest at bay, no one of the party being willing to enter first at the peril of sharing their leader's fate. Meanwhile the officers of the 'Nightingale' who had been taken on board the commander's galley magnified, though perhaps not beyond the truth, the reckless daring of their captain, who they declared would not hesitate to blow his own vessel into the air, involving all the galleys in the same destruction, rather than strike his flag. Alarmed at the consequence of such an act of desperation, the French commander now tried the effect of a parley, which the captain, still anxious to gain time for his merchantmen; prolonged as much as possible. At length, when he calculated that all the vessels for whose welfare he was concerned were safe in the Thames, he announced his surrender, and went on board the French commander's galley to give up his sword. De Langeron was surprised to find this lion of the quarterdeck a man of small stature, and deformed in person. Addressing him in courteous terms, he promised his prisoner honourable treatment, and strove to console him for the loss of his ship. 'I feel no regret,' replied the Englishman, 'for the capture of my frigate, since I have gained the only object I had in view, which was to save the vessels under my convoy; and I had resolved, as soon as I came in sight of you, to sacrifice my ship and my life also for their preservation. You will find, added he, some small quantity of ammunition on board, which I had not time or opportunity to discharge; besides that, you will discover nothing of any value in the frigate. As for myself, if you treat me as a man of honour, I or some other of my countrymen may have an opportunity before long to return the favour.' Charmed with the lofty spirit of his adversary, De Langeron, with much courtesy, returned him his sword. 'Receive back your sword, sir,' he said; 'you deserve too well to wear it; and consider yourself my prisoner only in name.'

Meanwhile, what was the fate of the oarsmen of the galley which had first engaged the frigate? One of the guns of the latter being pointed directly down upon the bench to which Marteilhe and his fellow rowers were chained, his comrades had thrown

themselves flat down, hoping thus best to avoid the discharge. A more careful observation convinced Marteilhe that he had a better chance of escaping the contents of the gun by keeping upright; and with great presence of mind he maintained that position, commending his soul with a fervent prayer to God, as he watched the English gunner approach the piece, and apply his match to the touch-hole. Stunned and insensible, he was thrown by the shock of the discharge as far as the length of his chain would allow across the gangway which divided the two tiers of oars. When he came to his senses it was night, and he could see nothing around him; but supposing that his comrades were still lying below their bench, he called out to them that the danger was past, but received no answer. At the same time he found himself bathed in blood, from three severe wounds which he had received in different parts of his body. But there was no help or succour to be had, for all around him had been killed, both on his own bench, and the benches immediately before and behind him; so that out of the eighteen persons who had manned these three benches, he, wounded as he was, had alone escaped with life.

The first thing done after the action was over was to throw overboard the dead, and to carry the wounded down into the hold. But in the confusion and darkness which prevailed, there was little discrimination between one and the other, and some, doubtless, were consigned to the deep who had only fainted from loss of blood. Marteilhe himself was in this state when the superintendent approached to unrivet his chain, previously to throwing the body into the sea. The chain was attached to the left leg, and in that limb Marteilhe had received a severe wound. In endeavouring to take off the chain the officer pressed his hand roughly against the wounded part, and the sharp pain brought the exhausted man to his senses, and made him utter a loud cry. Perceiving that he was not dead they carried him into the hold, and threw him down upon a coil of rope among a number of other wounded wretches, too numerous for the surgeon to attend to. In this hole the sufferers, untended and poisoned with stench and foul air, died like flies, of the gangrene which supervened upon their wounds. Marteilhe, however, survived to get into Dunkirk, where, more dead than alive, he was placed in the sailor's hospital. From the severe injuries and ill-treatment thus received he could scarcely have recovered had it not been for the personal at-

tention and pains bestowed upon his case by the surgeon-major, who, through the friendly intervention of a banker at Dunkirk, well-affected towards the Protestants, was interested in his favour. To the skill and kindness of this good surgeon he acknowledges that he owed his life. For three months he was well treated in the hospital — was again offered his liberty on condition of abjuration — again refused to belie his faith — and was once more sent back to his galley; but the surgeon having certified that he was unable to bear the labour of the oar, he was employed in another department of service on board the vessel. It should be mentioned here that had he been under sentence for any other crime than heresy he would now have been entitled to his discharge, for such was the rule with regard to galley-slaves wounded in action with the enemy; but the Huguenots were, by special exception, excluded from this privilege. But even the rude *comite* who had charge of Marteilhe, in assigning him his new and easier post in the galley, could not refrain from bearing testimony, though in a somewhat peculiar form of compliment, to the blameless conduct of his heretical prisoners. 'I am very glad,' he said, 'to have this occasion of showing you the respect I feel for you and those of your religion, for you have done no wrong to any one, and if you are to be damned for your religion, you will have punishment enough in the next world.' Not long afterwards it happened that De Langeron, his captain, was in want of a secretary, and Marteilhe, through the recommendation of this same *comite*, was appointed to the situation, in which he gained the entire confidence of that officer, and received good food and lenient treatment for nearly four years of his term of captivity.

This respite was, however, succeeded by a season of terrible suffering to himself and his co-religionists. In 1712 the peace of Utrecht was made; and it was one of the stipulations of that treaty that the fortifications of Dunkirk should be razed, and the harbour blocked up, and that the town should be placed, meanwhile, in the hands of the English. In consequence an English governor and a force of 4000 or 5000 men were established in the place. It was permitted, however, to the French Government to keep their galleys for a time in the harbour until the demolition of the works had begun, and in consequence Marteilhe and his Protestant brethren remained there to witness the arrival of the English detachment. The galleys in the harbour

became naturally an object of interest to the new comers. Both officers and men were permitted to go on board; and it followed naturally enough that the sympathies of both alike were warmly excited on behalf of their persecuted fellow Protestants whom they found groaning under such cruel bondage. The English officers testified the warmest interest on their behalf, and paid them frequent visits; but the indignation of the soldiers was roused to such a pitch at the barbarous treatment sustained by these innocent men, that it was apprehended that some violent attempt would be made on their part to rescue the prisoners. To guard against such an outbreak the French commander resolved to place his prisoners beyond the reach of deliverance, and accordingly he smuggled them away suddenly by night in a small vessel, and carried them off to Calais. From thence they were marched in chains to Havre, and after a stay there of some days, during which they received many testimonies of sympathy from their co-religionists in that city, they proceeded by way of Rouen, where also they found numerous friends, to Paris.

Our space will not permit us to notice further the adventures which befel them by the way. Arrived at the capital, they were consigned to the prison of La Tournelle, once a Royal residence, but then turned into an entrepôt for condemned criminals destined for the galleys. The aspect of the vast and dismal dungeon to which they were now consigned, shook for a moment even the well-tried fortitude of Marteilhe and his brethren. 'I acknowledge,' he says, 'that, inured as I had been to prisons, chains, fetters, and other engines which tyranny or crime have devised, I could not overcome the shuddering that seized me, and the terror with which I was struck when I first saw this place.' He describes it as a vast cavern traversed from end to end by thick beams of timber riveted to the floor. To each of these beams, at a distance of two feet apart, the convicts were secured by a chain a foot and a half long, attached to an iron collar, encircling their necks. The beam rising about two and a half feet from the floor, the position of the convict was such that he could neither lie down, nor sit, nor stand upright, but was kept constantly in a half-lying, half-sitting posture, with his head against the beam. The sight of the wretched beings, of whom no less than 500 were thus kept chained down day and night, of whom some were aged, others suffering from pain and sickness, as they

writhed in the torture of their constrained position, was distressing beyond description. Many sunk under the weight of their misery, others endured anguish difficult to be imagined. Groans and cries enough to melt the most savage heart arose from this den of horrors, but even these expressions of a misery which could not be endured were repressed as far as possible by their merciless overseers, who punished all such infractions of discipline with the whip. For three days and nights Marteilhe and his brother Huguenots had to endure this dreadful treatment; after that time the friendly offices of a wealthy Protestant merchant in Paris procured for them, by means of a present to the governor of the prison, a release from the frightful position in which they had been placed, their chain being transferred from the neck to the leg, and in this state they remained about a month, until the time came for dispatching them to Marseilles.

The journey from Paris to that port, which was made towards the end of December, 1712, was signalised by a treatment of these unhappy galley slaves more barbarous than any before related, insomuch that Marteilhe declares that in the whole of his previous twelve years of bondage and misery, he had never undergone so great a trial of fortitude. The prisoners were marched in double file, heavily chained, one chain connecting each couple, another passing transversely through rings placed in the centre of the coupling chains, and so fastening the whole gang together. Thus entrammelled they had to march each day a distance of ten or twelve miles, being usually lodged in stables or other similar buildings at night, but without any straw allowed to them, very scantily fed, and exposed to all the severities of the weather. At Charenton the gang halted the first night after their march from Paris. The weather was bitterly cold, for it was freezing hard, and the wind blew keenly from the north-east. They arrived heated and exhausted with walking under the weight of their chains. After being shut up for some time in a stable to rest, they were all drawn up on one side of a large yard, enclosed, but open to the weather, and ordered to strip themselves of all they had on, and leaving their clothes there on the ground, to march to the opposite side of the yard. In this condition they were kept standing in the freezing air of that inclement night for two long hours, the guards during that time making a pretence of searching their clothes to see if they had any knives or other instrument which might

be used as means of escape. After having been kept so long perishing in the cold, the convicts were ordered to walk back to the spot where they had deposited their clothes. 'But, O cruel sight!' says Marteilhe, 'the greater part of these unfortunates were so stiff with cold as to be quite unable to walk even that short distance to their clothes. Then it was that blows of sticks and strokes of the whip rained down upon them, and this horrid treatment failing to animate their poor bodies, frozen as they were with cold, some of them stretched stiff in death, others dying, these barbarous soldiers dragged them along by the collar round their necks like dogs, their limbs streaming with blood from the blows they had received. That night and the next day no less than eighteen of the party died.' Marteilhe attributes the saving of his own life and that of his co-religionists to their having embedded themselves in the warm dung of the stable, where horses had been recently kept, in which they passed the remainder of the night. Many of the survivors were so ill the next day from the effect of that terrible night that it became necessary to hire carts to carry them, though none were allowed this indulgence until it had been proved by the ordeal of the whip that they were really unable to walk. Upon the weakest of these, cold, blows, and sickness soon did their work, and reduced their numbers greatly before the gang reached Marseilles. But the abominable cruelty of the officer in charge was not the effect of mere wantonness; he had a cogent reason of thus thinning out the weaker members of his gang. By his contract with the Government he was to receive a certain sum per head for the convicts delivered at Marseilles. But he was bound himself to pay all charges, and the cost of hiring carts for conveying those who were too ill or weak to walk would not have been covered by the head-money paid for them. He therefore saved the expense both of their food and carriage by letting them perish on the way.

With the arrival of Marteilhe and his companions at Marseilles, where they found a large body of their Protestant brethren on board the galleys, the worst part of those sufferings which they had so heroically endured came to a close, and their day of deliverance, long vainly expected, began to dawn. The negotiations which were concluded in the peace of Utrecht had raised their hopes; but when they learned that in that arrangement no mention had been made of their deliverance, they ceased to look to any human power for relief. But they were not aware at that

time of the efforts that were being made to interest the Queen of England on their behalf. Meanwhile the Jesuits, who were better informed, and who feared that Louis might be induced to yield to the solicitations of Anne in favour of the Protestants, renewed their efforts to induce Marteilhe and his companions to make their submission to the Church. They left no means of insinuation or seduction untried, striving by fair language and specious promises to undermine the faith which had resisted the worst assaults of violence and cruelty. Having invited a deputation of the recusants to an amicable conference on board one of the galleys, the wily Fathers used all their ingenuity to prove to them that they were mistaken in supposing that the punishment they suffered was inflicted on account of their religion, or that it in any way lay at the door of the Church. The following may be instanced as a good specimen of the logic of persecution :—

“Why,” said Father Garcia to me, “are you now at the galleys, and for what offence were you sentenced?” I answered, that being persecuted in my own country I wished to leave the kingdom, in order that I might profess my religion in freedom; and that having been arrested at the frontiers, I was condemned to the galleys. “Do not you see, then,” said he, “what I just now told you, that you do not know what persecution means. Let me explain to you, then, that it consists in this: when you suffer ill-treatment in order to oblige you to renounce the religion which you profess. Now in your case religion has had nothing to do with the matter, and the proof is this. The King had forbidden his subjects to leave his kingdom without leave. You chose to do so, and you are punished for transgressing the King’s orders. This concerns the police of the country, not the church nor religion.” He then turned to another of our brethren who was present, asking the cause of his condemnation to the galleys. “It was because I took part in a meeting for the worship of God,” answered he. “Another breach of the King’s orders,” rejoined the father. “The King had forbidden his subjects to meet anywhere for public worship except in their parish or other churches. You did the contrary, and you are punished for disobedience to the King’s commands.” Another brother said that, “being sick the curate, came to his bedside to receive his declaration, whether he wished to live and die in the reformed religion or in the Roman Catholic; to which he answered, ‘in the reformed.’ Upon his recovery he was arrested and sentenced to the galleys.” “Another violation of his Majesty’s decrees!” said Father Garcia. “It is the King’s pleasure that all his subjects should live and die in the Roman Church. You declared that you would do

the contrary; that is a transgression of the King’s orders. Thus you see,” he continued, “each one of you has been guilty of disobedience to the King’s authority. The Church has had no part in the matter. She interfered in no way in the proceedings against you; in fact, all was done, as it were, behind her back, and without her cognisance.”

This flimsy sophistry was at once dispelled by two simple questions, which Marteilhe, as spokesman for his companions, addressed to the father :—

“Suppose,” he asked, with an air of well-feigned simplicity, “we should require time to satisfy our minds on some scruples we still entertain, might we meanwhile be restored to liberty before making abjuration?” “Assuredly not,” answered the priest. “You will never quit the galleys unless you have first abjured with all formalities.” “And if we made the abjuration required, might we then hope to be released speedily?” “Within fifteen days afterwards on the word of a priest,” replied Garcia. “You have the King’s own word for it.”

Confuted out of his own mouth, and reproached with his equivocation, the priest broke up the conference in disgust.

While these poor confessors, though without any earthly hope of deliverance, thus clung firmly to their faith, agencies unknown to them were working in their behalf. The Marquis de Rochegude, an aged French refugee, who had already made many efforts on behalf of his co-religionists, undertook a mission of his own accord to the principal Protestant courts of Europe, and obtained from the kings of Sweden, Denmark, Prussia, and other powers, letters to the Queen of England, recommending the cause of the persecuted Protestants to her powerful intercession. Armed with these credentials the Marquis came to England, and requested the Minister, Lord Oxford, to procure him an audience of his royal mistress. Having placed himself in St. James’s-park when the Queen was to pass by, he succeeded in attracting her notice. Ordering him to be called to her, she said, ‘M. de Rochegude, I request you to let these poor men in the French galleys be informed that they may look to be liberated very speedily.’ The Marquis lost no time in conveying this gracious message, and very soon afterwards an order came from the French Government to Marseilles, that a list should be returned of all the Protestants on board the galleys there. The total number was upwards of 300. In a few days an order came from Paris for the

release of 136, specifying their names. That of Marteilhe was the last upon this list. Great as the joy was of those included in the warrant of release, they were deeply concerned for their remaining brethren, who, without any apparent cause had been overlooked. But the troubles even of the more fortunate class were not yet over. The insatiable rancour of their priestly persecutors pursued them still. They were filled with indignation, declared that the King had been surprised into making this order, and that to let these men go would be an everlasting stain on the Roman Church. They persuaded the Commandant, with whom they had much influence, to postpone the execution of the order until they could communicate with the Government. He consented, but the order was not revoked. They resorted then to other means, with a view to render the release nugatory. They induced the Commandant to clog the licence with so many and such onerous conditions, as to the mode in which the liberated prisoners should leave France, and the route they should take, as to make their departure apparently impossible. All these difficulties, however, were by a happy conjuncture of circumstances surmounted, and at length, on the 17th of June, 1713, Marteilhe, with thirty-five companions released from the chains which they had so patiently worn for thirteen long years of worse than Egyptian bondage, embarked in a vessel at Marseilles, to quit for ever the land of their persecution.

The adventures which they encountered both by land and sea on their route from Marseilles via Nice to Turin, where they had an audience of King Victor Amadeus, who warmly expressed his sympathy with them, and from thence to Geneva, were numerous and remarkable, but our space will not allow them to be noticed here. But upon their arrival at Geneva, in which the relatives and friends of several of the party resided, a reception awaited them which took them greatly by surprise. The news of their coming had preceded them, and as they came near the city, they found a great part of the population, headed by their magistrates and ministers, coming out to meet and welcome their arrival. The martyrs were received with open arms and tears of joy; honours and felicitations were lavished upon them, and though excellent quarters had been assigned to them by the authorities, the inhabitants pleaded to be allowed to take their beloved brethren to their own hearths and homes, and happy was the citizen who secured the privilege of making

one of these honoured confessors his guest. Some of them, indeed, had now finished their journey, and intended to make Geneva their home, but Marteilhe, with six companions, had still far to go, and after a short sojourn they again set off, loaded with demonstrations of affection, and provided with money and other necessities for their journey by sympathising friends. At Berne, where they stopped a few days, the travellers met with a reception almost as warm and enthusiastic as they had experienced from the Genevese. They were entertained at the public charge, and every honour was paid to their heroic constancy in enduring affliction for the faith. At Frankfurt, at Cologne, and at Rotterdam, where they successively stopped, on their journey to Amsterdam, nearly the same scene was enacted; in every place where the members of the Reformed Church were settled in any number, marks of honour, hospitality, and affection were lavished upon the travellers. At Amsterdam, the seat of so much zeal, and such warm-hearted sympathy for the reformed faith, the triumph culminated. Marteilhe declares that 'words would fail him to describe the ardent and generous tokens of affection which they received from their co-religionists' in the city. But in welcoming the released sufferers they were not unmindful of the brethren still left in bondage at Marseilles. Marteilhe himself was invited by the Consistory of the Walloon Church to be a member of the deputation which they had resolved to send to England for two purposes—to thank the Queen for the deliverance she had obtained for those who had been released, and to entreat her intercession for the 200 who were still pining in captivity.

He readily accepted this mission and came to London with his colleagues, where they were presented to Queen Anne, and had the honour of kissing the royal hand. 'Her Majesty assured them with her royal lips that she was truly glad of their deliverance, and that she hoped soon to effect the release of those who were still left in the galleys.' They had an interview also with the Duc d'Aumont, the French Ambassador at London, who received them with much courtesy, and promised to use his best efforts to procure the liberation of their companions, whose detention he ascribed to some official misunderstanding. His endeavours, however, if really made, had no effect; for it was not till after another year had elapsed, that in consequence of the renewed solicitations of Queen Anne, the remaining Protestant sufferers received their

liberty. After staying some time in London, Marteilhe returned to Holland, and proceeded to the Hague, where he and his brethren were very cordially received, and had pensions settled upon them by the Dutch Government.

This event concludes the very interesting memoir; but M. Coquerel has been able to ascertain a few facts which carry down Marteilhe's history somewhat later, and afford information which we are glad to obtain as to his family and descendants. His death took place at Cuylenberg in 1777, at the advanced age of ninety-three years. Mention is made of his aged widow; and it is known that he had a daughter, who was married at Amsterdam to an English naval officer of distinction, Vice-Admiral Douglas. In 1785 their son, Mr. Douglas, and his wife came to Bergerac to visit their French relatives in Perigord. 'It is pleasing to find,' says M. Coquerel, 'that the memory of Marteilhe, though lost sight of in France, was respected in England, and that the honour of an alliance with the martyr of the galleys was estimated as it deserved.'

The narrative, of which a brief sketch has now been given, is so full of striking adventures and curious details, that we believe few of those who may peruse this scanty outline of Marteilhe's history will not be desirous to make themselves acquainted with it in its entirety. And we may venture to express the satisfaction which we have derived from hearing that a record, from the nature of its subject so interesting, and of which the contents are

in many respects so honourable to the English name, is likely to be made more accessible to our countrymen by being translated into their own language. One word in accordance with the spirit of the editor's preface should be added in conclusion. There is no polemical design, nor any element of theological bitterness in this volume. To record the virtues of noble-hearted men, not to re-open wounds, nor to cast odium on creeds or churches, has been the motive of its publication. 'In attempting,' says M. Paumier, 'to bring to light some glorious passages in the past history of our Church, it has been far from our intention to excite anew those religious conflicts with which our forefathers were inflamed. We know, and we thank God for it, how greatly the times are changed. . . . But that which it is profitable at all times to recall to mind, are those examples of inflexible obedience to conscience, of faithfulness to duty, and of the spirit of self-sacrifice, which in the day of their trial our ancestors exhibited to their descendants as they did also to their persecutors.' In the spirit of these remarks we fully concur. It is, indeed, a good lesson for us who live in an easy and tolerant age, in which the exercise of the sterner virtues is more rarely called for, to be reminded of the fortitude of such men as these admirable, though little known, martyrs of the Reformation, who, in the fine language of Sir Thomas Browne, 'maintained their faith in the noble way, of persecution, and served God in the fire, whereas we honour him in the sunshine.'

HISTORY OF DELAWARE COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA.—By George Smith, M.D. (Philadelphia; Trubner, London.)—This is a voluminous but interesting chronicle of the progress of the fertile district watered by the Delaware from the days of Henry Hudson to the present time, the sources of information authentic, the facts well arranged. The earlier details have a kindly flavour of Knickerbocker's *History of New York* about them, as when intending emigrants are desired to "consider seriously, &c., that none may move rashly or from fickle, but solid mind." William Penn was the great ar-

biter of the destiny of Delaware and the preacher of temperance and well-doing, but with very chequered success. As the narrative proceeds, the tale of civilization becomes prosperous and prosaic. There is a careful *résumé* of the geological and botanical information appertaining to the district, and a string of biographies of strictly local interest. The Delaware County Institute of Science may well be proud of this record of successes and distinctions, which will be skimmed with interest by the general reader on this side of the Atlantic. — *Spectator*.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE BLUE POSTS.

"Oh; so you 'ave come to see me; I am so glad." With these words Sophie Gordeloup welcomed Harry Clavering to her room in Mount Street early one morning not long after her interview with Captain Archie in Lady Ongar's presence. On the previous evening Harry had received a note from Lady Ongar, in which she upbraided him for having left unperformed her commission with reference to Count Pateroff. The letter had begun quite abruptly. "I think it unkind of you that you do not come to me. I asked you to see a certain person on my behalf; and you have not done so. Twice he has been here. Once I was in truth out. He came again the next evening at nine, and I was then ill, and had gone to bed. You understand it all, and must know how this annoys me. I thought you would have done this for me, and I thought I should have seen you.—J." This note he found at his lodgings when he returned home at night, and on the following morning he went in his despair direct to Mount Street, on his way to the Adelphi. It was not yet ten o'clock when he was shown into Madame Gordeloup's presence, and as regarded her dress he did not find her to be quite prepared for morning visitors. But he might well be indifferent on that matter as the lady seemed to disregard the circumstances altogether. On her head she wore what he took to be a nightcap, though I will not absolutely undertake to say that she had slept in that very head-dress. There were frills to it, and a certain attempt at prettiness had been made; but then the attempt had been made so long ago, and the frills were so ignorant of starch and all frillish propensities, that it hardly could pretend to decency. A great white wrapper she also wore, which might not have been objectionable had it not been so long worn that it looked like a university college surplice at the end of the long vacation. Her slippers had all the ease which age could give them, and above the slippers, neatness, to say the least of it, did not predominate. But Sophie herself seemed to be quite at her ease in spite of these deficiencies, and received our hero with an eager pointed welcome, which I can hardly describe as affectionate, and which Harry did not at all understand.

"I have to apologize for troubling you," he began.

"Trouble, what trouble? Bah! You

give me no trouble. It is you have the trouble to come here. You come early and I have not got my crinoline. If you are contented, so am I." Then she smiled, and sat herself down suddenly, letting herself almost fall into her special corner of the sofa. Take a chair, Mr. Harry; then we can talk more comfortable."

"I want especially to see your brother. Can you give me his address?"

"What? Edouard—certainly; Travelers' Club."

"But he is never there."

"He sends every day for his letters. You want to see him. Why?"

Harry was at once confounded, having no answer. A little private business," he said.

"Ah; a little private business. You do not owe him a little money, I am afraid, or you would not want to see him. Ha, ha! You write to him, and he will see you. There; there is paper and pen and ink. He shall get your letter this day."

Harry, nothing suspicious, did as he was bid, and wrote a note in which he simply told the count that he was specially desirous of seeing him.

"I will go to you anywhere," said Harry, "if you will name a place."

We, knowing Madame Gordeloup's habits, may feel little doubt but that she thought it her duty to become acquainted with the contents of the note before she sent it out of her house, but we may also know that she learned very little from it.

"It shall go, almost immediately," said Sophie, when the envelope was closed.

Then Harry got up to depart, having done his work. "What, you are going in that way at once? You are in a hurry?"

"Well, yes; I am in a hurry, rather, Madame Gordeloup. I have got to be at my office, and I only just came up here to find out your brother's address." Then he rose and went, leaving the note behind him.

Then Madame Gordeloup, speaking to herself in French, called Harry Clavering a lout, a fool, an awkward overgrown boy, and a pig. She declared him to be a pig nine times over, then shook herself in violent disgust, and after that betook herself to the letter.

The letter was at any rate duly sent to the count, for before Harry had left Mr. Beilby's chambers on that day, Pateroff came to him there. Harry sat in the same room with other men, and therefore went out to see his acquaintance in a little ante-chamber that was used for such purposes. As he walked from one room to the other,

he was conscious of the delicacy and difficulty of the task before him, and the colour was high in his face as he opened the door. But when he had done so, he saw that the count was not alone. A gentleman was with him, whom he did not introduce to Harry, and before whom Harry could not say that which he had to communicate.

"Pardon me," said the count, "but we are in railroad hurry. Nobody ever was in such haste as I and my friend. You are not engaged to-morrow? No, I see. You dine with me and my friend at the Blue Posts. You know the Blue Posts?"

Harry said he did not know the Blue Posts.

"Then you shall know the Blue Posts. I will be your instructor. You drink claret. Come and see. You eat beefsteaks. Come and try. You love one glass of port wine with your cheese. No. But you shall love it when you have dined with me at the Blue Posts. We will dine altogether after the English way;—which is the best way in the world when it is quite good. It is quite good at the Blue Posts;—quite good! Seven o'clock. You are fined when a minute late; an extra glass of port wine a minute. Now I must go. Ah; yes. I am ruined already."

Then Count Pateroff, holding his watch in his hand, bolted out of the room before Harry could say a word to him.

He had nothing for it but to go to the dinner, and to the dinner he went. On that same evening, the evening of the day on which he had seen Sophie and her brother, he wrote to Lady Ongar, using to her the same manner of writing which she had used to him, and telling her that he had done his best, that he had now seen him whom he had been desired to see, but that he had not been able to speak to him. He was, however, to dine with him the following day, — and would call in Bolton Street as soon as possible after that interview.

Exactly at seven o'clock, Harry, having the fear of the threatened fine before his eyes, was at the Blue Posts; and there, standing in the middle of the room, he saw Count Pateroff. With Count Pateroff was the same gentleman whom Harry had seen at the Adelphi, and whom the count now introduced as Colonel Schmoff; and also a little Englishman with a knowing eye and a bull-dog neck, and whiskers cut very short and trim, — a horsey little man, whom the count also introduced. "Captain Boodle; says he knows a cousin of yours, Mr. Clavering."

Then Colonel Schmoff bowed, never yet having spoken a word in Harry's hearing, and our old friend Doodles with his glib volubility told Harry how intimate he was with Archie, and how he knew Sir Hugh, and how he had met Lady Clavering, and how "doosed" glad he was to meet Harry himself on this present occasion.

"And now, my boys, we'll set down," said the count. "There's just a little soup, printanier; yes, they can make soup here; then a cut of salmon; and after that the beefsteak. Nothing more. Schmoff, my boy, can you eat beefsteak?"

Schmoff neither smiled nor spoke, but simply bowed his head gravely, and sitting down, arranged with slow exactness his napkin over his waistcoat and lap.

"Captain Boodle, can you eat beefsteak," said the count; "Blue Posts' beefsteak?"

"Try me," said Doodles. "That's all. Try me."

"I will try you and I will try Mr. Clavering. Schmoff would eat a horse if he had not a bullock, and a piece of a jackass if he had not a horse."

"I did eat a horse in Hamboro' once. We was besieged."

So much said Schmoff, very slowly, in a deep bass voice, speaking from the bottom of his chest, and frowning very heavily as he did so. The exertion was so great that he did not repeat it for a considerable time.

"Thank God we are not besieged now," said the count, as the soup was handed round to them. "Ah, Albert, my friend, that is good soup; very good soup. My compliments to the excellent Stubbs. Mr. Clavering, the excellent Stubbs is the cook. I am quite at home here and they do their best for me. You need not fear you will have any of Schmoff's horse."

This was all very pleasant, and Harry Clavering sat down to his dinner prepared to enjoy it; but there was a sense about him during the whole time that he was being taken in and cheated, and that the count would cheat him and actually escape away from him on that evening without his being able to speak a word to him. They were dining in a public room, at a large table which they had to themselves, while others were dining at small tables round them. Even if Schmoff and Boodle had not been there, he could hardly have discussed Lady Ongar's private affairs in such a room as that. The count had brought him there to dine in this way with a premeditated purpose of throwing him over, pretending to give him the meeting that he had been asked

for, but intending that it should pass by and be of no avail. Such was Harry's belief, and he resolved that, though he might have to seize Pateroff by the tails of his coat, the count should not escape him without having been forced at any rate to hear what he had to say. In the meantime things went on very pleasantly.

"Ah," said the count, "there is no fish like salmon early in the year; but not too early. And it should come alive from Grove, and be cooked by Stubbs."

"And eaten by me," said Boodle.

"Under my auspices," said the count, "and then all is well. Mr. Clavering a little bit near the head? Not care about any particular part? That is wrong. Everybody should always learn what is the best to eat of everything, and get it if they can."

"By George, I should think so," said Doodles. "I know I do."

"Not to know the bit out of the neck of the salmon from any other bit, is not to know a false note from a true one. Not to distinguish a '51 wine from a '58, is to look at an arm or a leg on the canvas, and to care nothing whether it is in drawing or out of drawing. Not to know Stubbs' beefsteak from other beefsteaks, is to say that every woman is the same thing to you. Only, Stubbs will let you have his beefsteak if you will pay him,—him or his master. With the beautiful women it is not always so;—not always. Do I make myself understood?"

"Clear as mud," said Doodles. "I'm quite along with you there. Why should a man be ashamed of eating what's nice. Everybody does it."

"No, Captain Boodle; not everybody. Some cannot get it, and some do not know it when it comes in their way. They are to be pitied. I do pity them from the bottom of my heart. But there is one poor fellow I do pity even more than they."

There was something in the tone of the count's words,—a simple pathos, and almost a melody, which interested Harry Clavering. No one knew better than Count Pateroff how to use all the inflections of his voice, and produce from the phrases he used the very highest interest which they were capable of producing. He now spoke of his pity in a way that might almost have made a sensitive man weep. "Who is it that you pity so much?" Harry asked.

"The man who cannot digest," said the count, in a low clear voice. Then he bent down his head over the morsel of food on his plate, as though he was desirous of hiding

a tear. "The man who cannot digest!" As he repeated the words he raised his head again, and looked round at all their faces.

"Yes, yes;—mein gott, yes," said Schmoff, and even he appeared as though he were almost moved from the deep quietude of his inward indifference.

"Ah; talk of blessings! What a blessing is digestion!" said the count. "I do not know whether you have ever thought of it, Captain Boodle? You are young, and perhaps not. Or you, Mr. Clavering? It is a subject worthy of your thoughts. To digest! Do you know what it means. It is to have the sun always shining, and the shade always ready for you. It is to be met with smiles, and to be greeted with kisses. It is to hear sweet sounds, to sleep with sweet dreams, to be touched ever by gentle, soft, cool hands. It is to be in paradise. Adam and Eve were in paradise. Why?

their digestion was good. Ah! then they took liberties, eat bad fruit,—things they could not digest. They what we call, ruined their constitutions, destroyed their gastric juices, and then they were expelled from paradise by an angel with a flaming sword. The angel with the flaming sword, which turned two ways, was indigestion! There came a great indigestion upon the earth because the cooks were bad, and they called it a deluge. Ah, I thank God there is to be no more deluges. All the evils come from this. Macbeth could not sleep. It was the supper, not the murder. His wife talked and walked. It was the supper again. Milton had a bad digestion because he is always so cross; and your Carlyle must have the worst digestion in the world, because he never says any good of anything. Ah, to digest is to be happy! Believe me, my friends, there is no other way not to be turned out of paradise by a fiery two-handed turning sword."

"It is true," said Schmoff; "yes, it is true."

"I believe you," said Doodles. "And how well the count describes it, don't he, Mr. Clavering. I never looked at it in that light; but, after all, digestion is everything. What is a horse worth, if he won't feed?"

"I never thought much about it," said Harry.

"That is very good," said the great preacher. "Not to think about it ever is the best thing in the world. You will be made to think about it if there be necessity. A friend of mine told me he did not know whether he had a digestion. My friend, I said, you are like the husbandmen; you do not know your own blessings. A bit more

steak, Mr. Clavering; see, it has come up hot, just to prove that you have the blessing."

There was a pause in the conversation for a minute or two, during which Schmoff and Doodles were very busy giving the required proof; and the count was leaning back in his chair, with a smile of conscious wisdom on his face, looking as though he were in deep consideration of the subject on which he had just spoken with so much eloquence. Harry did not interrupt the silence, as, foolishly, he was allowing his mind to carry itself away from the scene of enjoyment that was present, and trouble itself with the coming battle which he would be obliged to fight with the count. Schmoff was the first to speak. "When I was eating a horse at Hamboro'" — he began.

"Schmoff," said the count, "if we allow you to get behind the ramparts of that besieged city, we shall have to eat that horse for the rest of the evening. Captain Boodle, if you will believe me, I eat that horse once for two hours. Ah, here is the port wine. Now, Mr. Clavering, this is the wine for cheese; — '34. No man should drink above two glasses of '34. If you want port after that, then have '20."

Schmoff had certainly been hardly treated. He had scarcely spoken a word during dinner, and should, I think, have been allowed to say something of the flavour of the horse. It did not, however, appear from his countenance that he had felt, or that he resented the interference: though he did not make any further attempt to enliven the conversation.

They did not sit long over their wine, and the count, in spite of what he had said about the claret, did not drink any. "Captain Boodle," he said, "you must respect my weakness as well as my strength. I know what I can do, and what I cannot. If I were a real hero, like you English, — which means, if I had an ostrich in my inside, — I would drink till twelve every night, and eat broiled bones till six every morning. But, alas! the ostrich has not been given to me. As a common man I am pretty well, but I have no heroic capacities. We will have a little chassee, and then we will smoke."

Harry began to be very nervous. How was he to do it? It had become clearer and clearer to him through every ten minutes of the dinner that the count did not intend to give him any moment for private conversation. He felt that he was cheated and ill-used, and was waxing angry. They were to go and smoke in a public room, and he knew, or thought he knew, what that

meant. The count would sit there till he went, and had brought the Colonel Schmoff with him, so that he might be sure of some ally to remain by his side and ensure silence. And the count, doubtless, had calculated that when Captain Boodle went, as he soon would go, to his billiards, he, Harry Clavering, would feel himself compelled to go also. No! It should not result in that way. Harry resolved that he would not go. He had his mission to perform and he would perform it, even if he were compelled to do so in the presence of Colonel Schmoff.

Doodles soon went. He could not sit long with the simple gratification of a cigar, without gin-and-water or other comfort of that kind, even though the eloquence of Count Pateroff might be excited in his favour. He was a man, indeed, who did not love to sit still, even with the comfort of gin-and-water. An active little man was Captain Boodle, always doing something or anxious to do something in his own line of business. Small speculations in money, so concocted as to leave the risk against him smaller than the chance on his side, constituted Captain Boodle's trade; and in that trade he was indefatigable, ingenious, and, to a certain extent, successful. The worst of the trade was this; that though he worked at it above twelve hours a day, to the exclusion of all other interests in life, he could only make out of it an income which would have been considered a beggarly failure at any other profession. When he netted a pound a day he considered himself to have done very well; but he could not do that every day in the week. To do it often required unremitting exertion. And then, in spite of all his care, misfortunes would come. "A cursed garron, of whom nobody had ever heard the name! If a man mayn't take a liberty with such a brute as that, when is he to take a liberty?" So had he expressed himself plaintively, endeavouring to excuse himself, when on some occasion a race had been won by some outside horse which Captain Boodle had omitted to make safe in his betting-book. He was regarded by his intimate friends as a very successful man; but I think myself that his life was a mistake. To live with one's hands ever daubed with chalk from a billiard-table, to be always spying into stables and rubbing against grooms, to put up with the narrow lodgings which needy men encounter at race meetings, to be day after day on the rails running after platers and steeple-chasers, to be conscious on all occasions of the expediency of selling your beast when you are hunting, to be counting up

little odds at all your spare moments;—these things, do not, I think, make a satisfactory life for a young man. And for a man that is not young, they are the very 'devil! Better have no digestion when you are forty than find yourself living such a life as that! Captain Boodle would, I think, have been happier had he contrived to get himself employed as a tax-gatherer or an attorney's clerk.

On this occasion Doodles soon went, as had been expected, and Harry found himself smoking with the two foreigners. Pateroff was no longer eloquent, but sat with his cigar in his mouth as silent as Colonel Schmooff himself. It was evidently expected of Harry that he should go.

"Count," he said at last, "you got my note?" There were seven or eight persons sitting in the room besides the party of three to which Harry belonged.

"Your note, Mr. Clavering! which note? Oh, yes; I should not have had the pleasure of seeing you here to-day but for that."

"Can you give me five minutes in private?"

"What! now! here! this evening! after dinner? Another time I will talk with you by the hour together."

"I fear I must trouble you now. I need not remind you that I could not keep you yesterday morning; you were so much hurried."

"And now I am having my little moment of comfort! These special business conversations after dinner are so bad for the digestion!"

"If I could have caught you before dinner, Count Pateroff, I would have done so."

"If it must be, it must. Schmooff, will you wait for me ten minutes? I will not be more than ten minutes." And the count as he made this promise looked at his watch. "Waiter," he said, speaking in a sharp tone which Harry had not heard before, "show this gentleman and me into a private room." Harry got up and led the way out, not forgetting to assure himself that he cared nothing for the sharpness of the count's voice.

"Now, Mr. Clavering, what is it?" said the count, looking full into Harry's eye.

"I will tell you in two words."

"In one if you can."

"I came with a message to you from Lady Ongar."

"Why are you a messenger from Lady Ongar?"

"I have known her long and she is connected with my family."

"Why does she not send her messages by Sir Hugh,—her brother-in-law?"

"It is hardly for you to ask that?"

"Yes; it is for me to ask that. I have known Lady Ongar well, and have treated her with kindness. I do not want to have messages by anybody. But go on. If you are a messenger, give your message."

"Lady Ongar bids me tell you that she cannot see you."

"But she must see me. She shall see me!"

"I am to explain to you that she declines to do so. Surely, Count Pateroff, you must understand?"

"Ah, bah; I understand everything;—in such matters as these, better, perhaps, than you, Mr. Clavering. You have given your message. Now, as you are a messenger, will you give mine?"

"That will depend altogether on its nature."

"Sir, I never send uncivil words to a woman, though sometimes I may be tempted to speak them to a man; when, for instance—a man interferes with me, do you understand? My message is this:—tell her ladyship with my compliments, that it will be better for her to see me,—better for her, and for me. When that poor lord died,—and he had been, mind, my friend for many years before her ladyship had heard his name,—I was with him; and there were occurrences of which you knew nothing and need know nothing. I did my best then to be courteous to Lady Ongar, which she returned by shutting her door in my face. I do not mind that. I am not angry with a woman. But tell her that when she has heard what I now say to her by you, she will, I do not doubt, think better of it; and therefore I shall do myself the honour of presenting myself at her door again. Good-night, Mr. Clavering; au revoir; we will have another of Stubbs' little dinners before long." As he spoke these last words the count's voice was again changed the old smile had returned to his face.

Harry shook hands with him and walked away homewards, not without a feeling that the count had got the better of him, even to the end. He had, however, learned how the land lay, and could explain to Lady Ongar that Count Pateroff now knew her wishes and was determined to disregard them.

CHAPTER XX.

DESOLATION.

In the meantime there was grief down at the great house of Clavering; and grief, we must suppose also, at the house in Berkeley Square, as soon as the news from his country home had reached Sir Hugh Clavering. Little Hughy, his heir, was dead. Early one morning, Mrs. Clavering, at the rectory, received a message from Lady Clavering, begging that she would go up to the house, and, on arriving there, she found that the poor child was very ill. The doctor was then at Clavering, and had recommended that a message should be sent to the father in London, begging him to come down. The message had been already despatched when Mrs. Clavering arrived. The poor mother was in a state of terrible agony, but at that time there was yet hope. Mrs. Clavering then remained with Lady Clavering for two or three hours; but just before dinner on the same day a messenger came across to say that hope was past, and that the child had gone. Could Mrs. Clavering come over again, as Lady Clavering was in a sad way?

"You'll have your dinner first?" said the rector.

"No, I think not. I shall wish to make her take something, and I can do it better if I ask for tea myself. I will go at once. Poor dear little boy."

"It was a blow I always feared," said the rector to his daughter as soon as his wife had left them. Indeed, I knew that it was coming."

"And she was always fearing it," said Fanny. "But I do not think he did. He never seems to think that evil will come to him."

"He will feel this," said the rector.

"Feel it, papa! Of course he will feel it."

"I do not think he would, — not deeply, that is, — if there were four or five of them. He is a hard man; — the hardest man I ever knew. Who ever saw him playing with his own child or with any other? Who ever heard him say a soft word to his wife? But he will be hit now, for this child was his heir. He will be hit hard now, and I pity him."

Mrs. Clavering went across the park alone, and soon found herself in the poor bereaved mother's room. She was sitting by herself, having driven the old housekeeper away from her; and there were no traces of tears then on her face, though she had wept plentifully when Mrs. Clavering had been with her in the morning. But there had come

upon her suddenly a look of age, which nothing but such sorrow as this can produce. Mrs. Clavering was surprised to see that she had dressed herself carefully since the morning, as was her custom to do daily, even when alone; and that she was not in her bedroom, but in a small sitting-room which she generally used when Sir Hugh was not at the park.

"My poor Hermione," said Mrs. Clavering, coming up to her, and taking her by the hand.

"Yes, I am poor; poor enough. Why have they troubled you to come across again?"

"Did you not send for me? But it was quite right, whether you sent or no. Of course I should come when I heard it. It cannot be good for you to be all alone."

"I suppose he will be here to-night?"

"Yes, if he got your message before three o'clock."

"Oh, he will have received it, and I suppose he will come. You think he will come, eh?"

"Of course he will come."

"I do not know. He does not like coming to the country."

"He will be sure to come now, Hermione."

"And who will tell him? Some one must tell him before he comes to me. Should there not be some one to tell him? They have sent another message."

"Hannah shall be at hand to tell him."

Hannah was the old housekeeper, who had been in the family when Sir Hugh was born.

"Or, if you wish it, Henry shall come down, and remain here. I am sure he will do so if it will be a comfort."

"No; he would, perhaps, be rough to Mr. Clavering. He is so very hard. Hannah shall do it. Will you make her understand?"

Mrs. Clavering promised that she would do this, wondering, as she did so, at the wretched, frigid immobility of the unfortunate woman before her. She knew Lady Clavering well; — knew her to be in many things weak, to be worldly, listless, and perhaps somewhat selfish; but she knew also that she had loved her child as mothers always love. Yet, at this moment, it seemed that she was thinking more of her husband than of the bairn she had lost. Mrs. Clavering had sat down by her and taken her hand, and was still so sitting in silence when Lady Clavering spoke again. "I suppose he will turn me out of his house now," she said.

"Who will do so? Hugh? Oh, Hermione, how can you speak in such a way?"

"He scolded me before because my poor darling was not strong. My darling! How

could I help it? And he scolded me because there was none other but he. He will turn me out altogether now. Oh, Mrs. Clavering, you do not know how hard he is?"

Anything was better than this, and therefore Mrs. Clavering asked the poor woman to take her into the room where the little body lay in its little cot. If she could induce the mother to weep for the child, even that would be better than this hard persistent fear as to what her husband would say and do. So they both went and stood together over the little fellow whose short sufferings had thus been brought to an end. "My poor dear, what can I say to comfort you?" Mrs. Clavering, as she asked this, knew well that no comfort could be spoken in words; but — if she could only make the sufferer weep!

"Comfort!" said the mother. "There is no comfort now, I believe, in anything. It is long since I knew any comfort; — not since Julia went."

"Have you written to Julia?"

"No; I have written to no one. I cannot write. I feel as though if it were to bring him back again I could not write of it. My boy! my boy! my boy!" But still there was not a tear in her eye.

"I will write to Julia," said Mrs. Clavering; "and I will read to you my letter."

"No, do not read it me. What is the use? He has made her quarrel with me. Julia cares nothing now for me, or for my angel. Why should she care? When she came home we would not see her. Of course she will not care. Who is there that will care for me?"

"Do not I care for you, Hermione?"

"Yes, because you are here; because of the nearness of the houses. If you lived far away you would not care for me. It is just the custom of the thing." There was something so true in this that Mrs. Clavering could make no answer to it. Then they turned to go back into the sitting-room, and as they did so Lady Clavering lingered behind for a moment; but when she was again with Mrs. Clavering her cheek was still dry.

"He will be at the station at nine," said Lady Clavering. "They must send the brougham for him, or the dog-cart. He will be very angry if he is made to come home in the fly from the public-house." Then the elder lady left the room and gave orders that Sir Hugh should be met by his carriage. What must the wife think of her husband, when she feared that he would be angered by little matters at such a time as this! "Do you think it will make him very unhappy?" Lady Clavering asked.

"Of course it will make him unhappy. How should it be otherwise?"

"He had said so often that the child would die. He will have got used to the fear."

"His grief will be as fresh now as though he had never thought so, and never said so."

"He is so hard; and then he has such will, such power. He will thrust it off from him and determine that it shall not oppress him. I know him so well."

"We should all make some exertion like that in our sorrow, trusting to God's kindness to relieve us. You too, Hermione, should determine also; but not yet, my dear. At first it is better to let sorrow have its way."

"But he will determine at once. You remember when Meeny went." Meeny had been a little girl who had been born before the boy, and who had died when little more than twelve months old. "He did not expect that; but then he only shook his head, and went out of the room. He has never spoken to me one word of her since that. I think he has forgotten Meeny altogether, — even that she was ever here."

"He cannot forget the boy who was his heir."

"Ah, that is where it is. He will say words to me which would make you creep if you could hear them. Yes, my darling was his heir. Archie will marry now, and will have children, and his boy will be the heir. There will be more division and more quarrels, for Hugh will hate his brother now."

"I do not understand why."

"Because he is so hard. It is a pity he should ever have married, for he wants nothing that a wife can do for him. He wanted a boy to come after him in the estate, and now that glory has been taken from him. Mrs. Clavering, I often wish that I could die."

It would be bootless here to repeat the words of wise and loving counsel with which the elder of the two ladies endeavoured to comfort the younger, and to make her understand what were the duties which still remained to her, and which, if they were rightly performed, would in their performance, soften the misery of her lot. Lady Clavering listened with that dull, useless attention which on such occasions sorrow always gives to the prudent counsels of friendship; but she was thinking ever and always of her husband, and watching the moment of his expected return. In her heart she wished that he might not come on that evening. At last, at half-past nine,

she exerted herself to send away her visitor.

"He will be here soon, if he comes to-night," Lady Clavering said, "and it will be better that he should find me alone."

"Will it be better?"

"Yes, yes. Cannot you see how he would frown and shake his head if you were here? I would sooner be alone when he comes. Good-night. You have been very kind to me; but you are always kind. Things are done kindly always at your house, because there is so much love there. You will write to Julia for me. Good-night." Then Mrs. Clavering kissed her and went, thinking as she walked home in the dark to the rectory, how much she had to be thankful in that these words had been true which her poor neighbour had spoken. Her house was full of love.

For the next half hour Lady Clavering sat alone listening with eager ear for the sound of her husband's wheels, and at last she had almost told herself that the hour for his coming had gone by, when she heard the rapid grating on the gravel as the dog-cart was driven up to the door. She ran out to the corridor, but her heart sank within her as she did so, and she took tightly a hold of the balustrade to support herself. For a moment she had thought of running down to meet him;—of trusting to the sadness of the moment to produce in him, if it were but for a minute something of tender solicitude; but she remembered that the servants would be there, and knew that he would not be soft before them. She remembered also that the housekeeper had received her instructions, and she feared to disarrange the settled programme. So she went back to the open door of the room, that her retreating step might not be heard by him as she should come up to her, and standing there she still listened. The house was silent and her ears were acute with sorrow. She could hear the movement of the old woman as she gently, trembling, as Lady Clavering knew, made her way down the hall to meet her master. Sir Hugh of course had learned his child's fate already from the servant who had met him; but it was well that the ceremony of such telling should be performed. She felt the cold air come in from the opened front door, and she heard her husband's heavy quick step as he entered. Then she heard the murmur of Hannah's voice; but the first word she heard was in her husband's tones, "Where is Lady Clavering?" Then the answer was given, and the wife knowing that he was coming, retreated back to her chair.

But still he did not come quite at once. He was pulling off his coat and laying aside his hat and gloves. Then came upon her a feeling that at such a time any other husband and wife would have been at once in each other's arms. And at the moment she thought of all that they had lost. To her her child had been 'all and everything.' To him he had been his heir and the prop of his house. The boy had been the only link that had still bound them together. Now he was gone, and there was no longer any link between them. He was gone and she had nothing left to her. He was gone, and the father was also alone in the world, without any heir and with no prop to his house. She thought of all this as she heard his step coming slowly up the stairs. Slowly he came along the passage, and though she dreaded his coming it almost seemed as though he would never be there.

When he had entered the room she was the first to speak. "Oh, Hugh!" she exclaimed, "oh, Hugh!" He had closed the door before he uttered a word, and then he threw himself into a chair. There were candles near to him and she could see that his countenance also was altered. He had indeed been stricken hard, and his half-stunned face showed the violence of the blow. The harsh, cruel, selfish man had at last been made to suffer. Although he had spoken of it and had expected it, the death of his heir hit him hard, as the rector had said.

"When did he die?" asked the father.

"It was past four I think." Then there was again silence, and Lady Clavering went up to her husband and stood close by his shoulder. At last she ventured to put her hand upon him. With all her own misery heavy upon her, she was chiefly thinking at this moment how she might soothe him. She laid her hand upon his shoulder, and by degrees she moved it softly to his breast. Then he raised his own and with it moved hers from his person. He did it gently;—but what was the use of such nonsense as that?

"The Lord giveth," said the wife, "and the Lord taketh away." Hearing this Sir Hugh made with his head a gesture of impatience. "Blessed be the name of the Lord," continued Lady Clavering. Her voice was low and almost trembling, and she repeated the words as though they were a task which she had set herself.

"That's all very well in its way," said he, "But what's the special use of it now. I hate twaddle. One must bear one's misfortune as one best can. I don't believe that kind of thing ever makes it lighter."

"They say it does, Hugh."

"Ah! they say! Have they ever tried? If you have been living up to that kind of thing all your life, it may be very well; —that is as well at one time as another. But it won't give me back my boy."

"No, Hugh; he will never come back again; but we may think that he's in Heaven."

"If that is enough for you, let it be so. But don't talk to me of it. I don't like it. It doesn't suit me. I had only one, and he has gone. It is always the way." He spoke of the child as having been his — not his and hers. She felt this, and understood the want of affection which it conveyed; but she said nothing of it.

Oh, Hugh; what could we do? It was not our fault."

"Who is talking of any fault? I have said nothing as to fault. He was always poor and sickly. The Claverings, generally, have been so strong. Look at myself, and Archie, and my sisters. Well it cannot be helped. Thinking of it will not bring him back again. You had better tell some one to get me something to eat. I came away, of course, without any dinner."

She herself had eaten nothing since the morning, but she neither spoke nor thought of that. She rang the bell, and going out into the passage gave the servant the order on the stairs.

"It is no good my staying here," he said. "I will go and dress. It is the best not to think of such things,—much the best. People call that heartless, of course, but then people are fools. If I were to sit still, and think of it for a week together, what good could I do?"

"But how not to think of it? that is the thing."

"Women are different, I suppose. I will dress and then go down to the breakfast-room. Tell Saunders to get me a bottle of champagne. You will be better also if you will take a glass of wine."

It was the first word he had spoken which showed any care for her, and she was grateful for it. As he rose to go, she came close to him again, and put her hand very gently on his arm. "Hugh," she said, "will you not see him?"

"What good will that do?"

"I think you would regret it if you were to let them take him away without looking at him. He is so pretty as he lays in his little bed. I thought you would come with me to see him." He was more gentle with her than she had expected, and she led him

away to the room which had been their own, and in which the child had died.

"Why here?" he said, almost angrily, as he entered.

"I have had him here with me since you went."

"He should not be here now," he said, shuddering. "I wish he had been moved before I came. I will not have this room any more; remember that." She led him up to the foot of the little cot, which stood close by the side of her own bed, and then she removed a handkerchief which lay upon the child's face.

"Oh, Hugh! oh, Hugh!" she said, and, throwing her arms round his neck, she wept violently upon his breast. For a few moments he did not disturb her, but stood looking at his boy's face. "Hugh, Hugh," she repeated, "will you not be kind to me? Do be kind to me. It is not my fault that we are childless."

Still he endured her for a few moments longer. He spoke no word to her, but he let her remain there, with her head upon his breast.

"Dear Hugh, I love you so truly!"

"This is nonsense," said he, "sheer nonsense." His voice was low and very hoarse. "Why do you talk of kindness now?"

"Because I am so wretched."

"What have I done to make you wretched?"

"I do not mean that; but if you will be gentle with me, it will comfort me. Do not leave me here all alone, now my darling has been taken from me."

Then he shook her from him, not violently, but with a persistent action.

"Do you mean that you want to go up to town?" he said.

"Oh, no; not that."

"Then what is it you want? Where would you live, if not here?"

"Anywhere you please, only that you should stay with me."

"All that is nonsense. I wonder that you should talk of such things now. Come away from this, and let me go to my room. All this is trash and nonsense, and I hate it." She put back with careful hands the piece of cambric which she had moved, and then, seating herself on a chair, wept violently, with her hands closed upon her face. "That comes of bringing me here," he said. "Get up, Hermione. I will not have you so foolish. Get up, I say. I will have the room closed till the men come."

"Oh, no!"

"Get up I say, and come away." Then she rose, and followed him out of the cham-

ber, and when he went to change his clothes she returned to the room in which he had found her. There she sat and wept, while he went down and dined and drank alone. But the old housekeeper brought her up a morsel of food and a glass of wine, saying that her master desired that she would take it.

"I will not leave you, my lady, till you have done so," said Hannah. "To fast so long must be bad always."

Then she eat the food, and drank a drop of wine, and allowed the old woman to take her away to the bed that had been prepared for her. Of her husband she saw no more for four days. On the next morning a note was brought to her, in which Sir Hugh told her that he had returned to London. It was necessary, he said, that he should see his lawyer and his brother. He and Archie would return for the funeral. With reference to that he had already given orders.

During the next three days, and till her husband's return, Lady Clavering remained at the rectory, and in the comfort of Mrs. Clavering's presence she almost felt that it would be well for her if those days could be prolonged. But she knew the hour at which her husband would return, and she took care to be at home when he arrived. "You will come and see him?" she said to the rector, as she left the parsonage. "You will come at once;—in an hour or two?" Mr. Clavering remembered the circumstances of his last visit to the house, and the declaration he had then made that he would not return there. But all that could not now be considered.

"Yes," he said, "I will come across this evening. But you had better tell him, so that he need not be troubled to see me if he would rather be alone."

"Oh, he will see you. Of course he will see you. And you will not remember that he ever offended you?"

Mrs. Clavering had written both to Julia and to Harry, and the day of the funeral had been settled. Harry had already communicated his intention of coming down; and Lady Ongar had replied to Mrs. Clavering's letter, saying that she could not now offer to go to Clavering Park, but that if her sister would go elsewhere with her,—to some place, perhaps, on the sea-side,—she would be glad to accompany her; and she used many arguments in her letter

to show that such an arrangement as this had better be made.

"You will be with my sister," she had said; "and she will understand why I do not write to her myself, and will not think that it comes from coldness." This had been written before Lady Ongar saw Harry Clavering.

Mr. Clavering when he got to the great house, was immediately shown into the room in which the baronet and his younger brother were sitting. They had, some time since, finished dinner, but the decanters were still on the table before them. "Hugh," said the rector, walking up to his elder nephew, briskly, "I grieve for you. I grieve for you from the bottom of my heart."

"Yes," said Hugh, "it has been a heavy blow. Sit down, uncle. There is a clean glass there; or Archie will fetch you one." Then Archie looked out a clean glass and passed the decanter; but of this the rector took no direct notice.

"It has been a blow, my poor boy,—a heavy blow," said the rector. "None heavier could have fallen. But our sorrows come from Heaven, as do our blessings, and must be accepted."

"We are all like grass," said Archie, "and must be cut down in our turns." Archie, in saying this, intended to put on his best behaviour. He was as sincere as he knew how to be.

"Come, Archie, none of that," said his brother. "It is my uncle's trade."

"Hugh, said the rector, "unless you can think of it so, you will find no comfort."

"And I expect none, so there is an end of that. Different people think of these things differently, you know, and it is of no more use for me to bother you than it is for you to bother me. My boy has gone, and I know that he will not come back to me. I shall never have another, and it is hard to bear. But, meaning no offence to you, I would sooner be left to bear it my own way. If I were to talk about the grass as Archie did just now, it would be humbug, and I hate humbug. No offence to you. Take some wine, uncle."

But the rector could not drink wine in that presence, and therefore he escaped as soon as he could. He spoke one word of intended comfort to Lady Clavering, and then returned to the rectory.

CHAPTER XXI.

YES; WRONG;—CERTAINLY WRONG.

HARRY CLAVERING had heard the news of his little cousin's death before he went to Bolton Street to report the result of his negotiation with the count. His mother's letter with the news had come to him in the morning, and on the same evening he called on Lady Ongar. She also had then received Mrs. Clavering's letter, and knew what had occurred at the park. Harry found her alone, having asked the servant whether Madame Gordeloup was with his mistress. Had such been the case he would have gone away, and left his message untold.

As he entered the room his mind was naturally full of the tidings from Clavering. Count Pateroff and his message had lost some of their importance through this other event, and the emptiness of the childless house was the first subject of conversation between him and Lady Ongar. "I pity my sister greatly," said she. "I feel for her as deeply as I should have done had nothing occurred to separate us;—but I cannot feel for him."

"I do," said Harry.

"He is your cousin, and perhaps has been your friend?"

"No, not especially. He and I have never pulled well together; but still I pity him deeply."

"He is not my cousin, but I know him better than you do, Harry. He will not feel much himself, and his sorrow will be for his heir, not for his son. He is a man whose happiness does not depend on the life or death of any one. He likes some people, as he once liked me; but I do not think that he ever loved any human being. He will get over it, and he will simply wish that Hermy may die, that he may marry another wife. Harry, I know him so well!"

"Archie will marry now," said Harry.

"Yes; if he can get any one to have him. There are very few men who can't get wives, but I fancy Archie Clavering to be one of them. He has not humility enough to ask the sort of girl who would be glad to take him. Now, with his improved prospects, he will want a royal princess or something not much short of it. Money, rank, and blood might have done before, but he'll expect youth, beauty, and wit now, as well as the other things. He may marry after all, for he is just the man to walk out of a church some day with a cookmaid under his arm as his wife."

"Perhaps he may find something between

a princess and a cookmaid."

"I hope, for your sake he may not;—neither a princess nor a cookmaid, nor anything between."

"He has my leave to marry to-morrow, Lady Ongar. If I had my wish, Hugh should have his house full of children."

"Of course that is the proper thing to say, Harry."

"I won't stand that from you, Lady Ongar. What I say, I mean; and no one knows that better than you."

"Won't you, Harry? From whom, then, if not from me? But come, I will do you justice, and believe you to be simple enough to wish anything of the kind. The sort of castle in the air which you build, is not one to be had by inheritance, but to be taken by storm. You must fight for it."

"Or work for it."

"Or win it in some way off your own bat; and no lord ever sat prouder in his castle than you sit in those that you build from day to day in your imagination. And you sally forth and do all manner of magnificent deeds. You help distressed damsels,—poor me, for instance; and you attract enormous dragons;—shall I say that Sophie Gordeloup is the latest dragon?—and you wish well to your enemies, such as Hugh and Archie; and you cut down enormous forests, which means your coming miracles as an engineer;—and then you fall gloriously in love. When is that last to be, Harry?"

"I suppose, according to all precedent, that must be done with the distressed damsel," he said,—fool that he was.

"No, Harry, no; you shall take your young fresh generous heart to a better market than that; not but that the distressed damsel will ever remember what might once have been."

He knew that he was playing on the edge of a precipice,—that he was fluttering as a moth round a candle. He knew that it behoved him now at once to tell her all his tale as to Stratton and Florence Burton;—that if he could tell it now, the pang would be over and the danger gone. But he did not tell it. Instead of telling it he thought of Lady Ongar's beauty, of his own early love, of what might have been his had he not gone to Stratton. I think he thought, if not of her wealth, yet of the power and place which would have been his were it now open to him to ask for her hand. When he had declared that he did not want his cousin's inheritance, he had spoke the simple truth. He was not covetous of another's money. Were Archie to marry as many wives as Henry, and have as many children

as Priam, it would be no offence to him. His desires did not lie in that line. But in this other case, the woman before him who would so willingly have endowed him with all that she possessed, had been loved by him before he had ever seen Florence Burton. In all his love for Florence, — so he now told himself, but so told himself falsely, — he had ever remembered that Julia Brabazon had been his first love, the love whom he had loved with all his heart. But things had gone with him most unfortunately, — with a misfortune that had never been paralleled. It was thus he was thinking instead of remembering that now was the time in which his tale should be told.

Lady Ongar, however, soon carried him away from the actual brink of the precipice. "But how about the dragon," said she, "or rather about the dragon's brother, at whom you were bound to go and tilt on my behalf? Have you tilted, or are you a recreant knight?"

"I have tilted," said he, "but the he-dragon professes that he will not regard himself as killed. In other words he declares that he will see you."

"That he will see me?" said Lady Ongar, as she spoke there came an angry spot on each cheek. "Does he send me that message as a threat?"

"He does not send it as a threat, but I think he partly means it so."

"He will find, Harry, that I will not see him; and that should he force himself into my presence, I shall know how to punish such an outrage. If he sent me any message, let me know it."

"To tell the truth he was most unwilling to speak to me at all, though he was anxious to be civil to me. When I had inquired for him sometime in vain, he came to me with another man, and asked me to dinner. So I went, and as there were four of us, of course I could not speak to him then. He still had the other man, a foreigner" —

"Colonel Schmoff, perhaps."

"Yes, Colonel Schmoff. He kept Colonel Schmoff by him, so as to guard him from being questioned."

"That is so like him. Everything he does with some design — with some little plan. Well, Harry, you might have ignored Colonel Schmoff for what I should have cared."

"I got the count to come into another room at last, and then he was very angry, — with me, you know, — and talked of what he would do to men who interfered with him."

"You will not quarrel with him, Harry?"

Promise me that there shall be no nonsense of that sort, — no fighting."

"Oh, no, no; we were friends again very soon. But he bade me tell you that there was something important for him to say and for you to hear, which was no concern of mine, and which required an interview."

"I do not believe him, Harry."

"And he said that he had once been very courteous to you" —

"Yes; once insolent, — and once courteous. I have forgiven the one for the other."

"He then went on to say that you made him a poor return for his civility by shutting your door in his face, but that he did not doubt you would think better of it when you heard his message. Therefore, he said, he should call again. That, Lady Ongar, was the whole of it."

"Shall I tell you what his intention was, Harry?" Again her face became red as she asked this question; but the colour which now came to her cheeks was rather that of shame than of anger.

"What was his intention?"

"To make you believe that I am in his power; to make you think that he has been my lover; to lower me in your eyes, so that you might believe all that others have believed, — all that Hugh Clavering has pretended to believe. That has been his object, Harry, and perhaps you will tell me what success he has had."

"Lady Ongar!"

"You know the old story, that the drop which is ever dropping will wear the stone. And after all why should your faith in me be as hard even as a stone?"

"Do you believe that what he said had any such effect?"

"It is very hard to look into another person's heart; and the dearer and nearer that heart is to your own, the greater, I think, is the difficulty. I know that man's heart, — what he calls his heart; but I don't know yours."

For a moment or two Clavering made no answer, and then, when he did speak, he went back from himself to the count.

"If what you surmise of him be true, he must be a very devil. He cannot be a man."

"Man or devil, what matters which he be? Which is the worst, Harry, and what is the difference? The Faustus of this day want no Mephistopheles to teach them guile or to harden their hearts."

"I do not believe that there are such men. There may be one."

"One Harry! What was Lord Ongar? What is your cousin Hugh? What is this

Count Pateroff? Are they not of the same nature; hard as stone, desirous simply of indulging their own appetites, utterly without one generous feeling, incapable even of the idea of caring for any one? Is it not so? In truth this count is the best of the three I have named. With him a woman would stand a better chance than with either of the others."

"Nevertheless, if that was his motive, he is a very devil."

"He shall be a devil if you say so. He may be anything you please, so long as he has not made you think evil of me."

"No: he has not done that."

"Then I don't care what he has done, or what he may do. You would not have me see him, would you?" She asked with a sudden energy, throwing herself forward from her seat with her elbow on the table, and resting her face on her hands, as she had already done more than once when he had been there; so that the attitude, which became her well, was now customary in his eyes."

"You will hardly be guided by my opinion in such a matter."

"By whose, then, will I be guided? Nay, Harry, since you put me to a promise. I will be guided by your opinion. If you bid me see him, I will do it, — though I own, it would be distressing to me."

"Why should you see him, if you do not wish it?"

"I know no reason. In truth there is no reason. What he says about Lord Ongar is simply some part of his scheme. You see what his scheme is, Harry?"

"What is his scheme?"

"Simply this — that I should be frightened into becoming his wife. My darling bosom friend Sophie, who, as I take it, has not quite managed to come to satisfactory terms with her brother, — and I have no doubt her price for assistance has been high, — has informed me more than once that her brother desires to do me so much honour. The count, perhaps, thinks that he can manage such a bagatelle without any aid from his sister; and my dearest Sophie seems to feel that she can do better with me herself in my widowed state, than if I were to take another husband. They are so kind and so affectionate; are they not?"

At this moment tea was brought in, and Clavering sat for a time silent with his cup in his hand. She, the meanwhile, had resumed the old position with her face upon her hands, when the servant entered the room, and was now sitting looking at him

as he sipped his tea with his eyes averted from her. "I cannot understand," at last he said, "why you should persist in your intimacy with such a woman."

"You have not thought about it, Harry, or you would understand it. It is, I think, very easily understood."

"You know her to be treacherous, false, vulgar, covetous, unprincipled. You cannot like her. You say she is a she-dragon."

"A dragon to you, I said."

"You cannot pretend that she is a lady, and yet you put up with her society."

"Exactly. And now tell me what you would have me do."

"I would have you part from her."

"But how? It is so easy to say, part. Am I to bar my door against her when she has given me no offence? Am I to forget that she did me great service, when I sorely needed such services? Can I tell her to her face that she is all these things that you say of her, and that therefore I will for the future dispense with her company? Or do you believe that people in this world associate only with those they love and esteem?"

"I would not have one for my intimate friend whom I did not love and esteem?"

"But, Harry, suppose that no one loved and esteemed you; that you had no home down at Clavering with a father that admires you and a mother that worships you; no sisters that think you to be almost perfect, no comrades with whom you can work with mutual regard and emulation, no self-confidence, no high hopes of your own, no power of choosing companions whom you can esteem and love; suppose with you it was Sophie Gordeloup or none, — how would it be with you then?"

His heart must have been made of stone if this had not melted it. He got up and coming round to her stood over her. "Julia," he said, "It is not so with you."

"But it is so with Julia," she said, "That is the truth. How am I better than her, and why should I not associate with her?"

"Better than her! As women you are poles asunder."

"But as dragons," she said, smiling, "we come together."

"Do you mean that you have no one to love you?"

"Yes, Harry; that is just what I do mean. I have none to love me. In playing my cards I have won my stakes in money and rank, but have lost the amount ten times told in affection, friendship, and that general unpronounced esteem which creates the fellowship of men and women in the world. I have a carriage and horses, and am driven

about with grand servants; and people, as they see me, whisper and say that is Lady Ongar, whom nobody knows. I can see it in their eyes till I fancy that I can hear their words."

"But it is all false?"

"What is false? It is not false that I have deserved this. I have done that which has made me a fitting companion for such a one as Sophie Godeloup, though I have not done that which perhaps these people think."

He paused again before he spoke, still standing near her on the rug. "Lady Ongar" — he said.

"Nay, Harry; not Lady Ongar when we are together thus. Let me feel that I have one friend who can dare to call me by my name, — from whose mouth I shall be pleased to hear my name. You need not fear that I shall think that it means too much. I will not take it as meaning what it used to mean."

He did not know how to go on with his speech, or in truth what to say to her. Florence Burton was still present to his mind, and from minute to minute he told himself that he would not become a villain. But now it had come to that with him, that he would have given all that he had in the world that he had never gone to Stratton. He sat down by her in silence, looking away from her at the fire, swearing to himself that he would not become a villain, and yet wishing, almost wishing, that he had the courage to throw his honour overboard. At last, half turning round towards her he took her hand, or rather took her first by the wrist till he could possess himself of her hand. As he did so he touched her hair and her cheek, and she let her hand drop till it rested in his. "Julia," he said, "what can I do to comfort you?" She did not answer him, but looked away from him as she sat, across the table into vacancy. "Julia," he said again, "is there anything that will comfort you?" But still she did not answer him.

He understood it all as well as the reader will understand it. He knew how it was with her, and was aware that he was at this instant false almost equally to her and to Florence. He knew that the question he had asked was one to which there could be made a true and satisfactory answer, but that his safety lay in the fact that that answer was all but impossible for her to give. Could she say, "Yes, you can comfort me. Tell me that you yet love me and I will be comforted?" But he had not designed to bring her into such difficulty as this. He had not intended to be cruel. He had drifted into treachery unawares, and was torturing

her, not because he was wicked, but because he was weak. He had held her hand now for some minute or two, but still she did not speak to him. Then he raised it and pressed it warmly to his lips.

"No, Harry," she said, jumping from her seat and drawing her hand rapidly from him; "no; it shall not be like that. Let it be Lady Ongar again if the sound of the other name brings back too closely the memory of other days. Let it be Lady Ongar again. I can understand that it will be better." As she spoke she walked away from him across the room, and he followed her.

"Are you angry?" he asked her.

"No, Harry; not angry. How should I be angry with you who alone are left to me of my old friends? But, Harry, you must think for me, and spare me in my difficulty."

"Spare you, Julia?"

"Yes, Harry, spare me; you must be good to me and considerate, and make yourself like a brother to me. But people will know you are not a brother, and you must remember all that for my sake. But you must not leave me or desert me. Anything that people might say would be better than that."

"Was I wrong to kiss your hand?"

"Yes, wrong, certainly wrong; — that is, not wrong, but unmindful."

"I did it," he said, "because I love you." And as he spoke the tears stood in both his eyes.

"Yes; you love me, and I you; but not with love that may show itself in that form. That was the old love, which I threw away, and which has been lost. That was at an end when I — jilted you. I am not angry; but you will remember that that love exists no longer? You will remember that, Harry?"

He sat himself down in a chair in a far part of the room, and two tears coursed their way down his cheeks. She stood over him and watched him as he wept. "I did not mean to make you sad," she said. "Come, we will be sad no longer. I understand it all. I know how it is with you. The old love is lost, but we will not the less be friends." Then he rose suddenly from his chair, and taking her in his arms, and holding her closely to his bosom, pressed his lips to hers.

He was so quick in this that she had not the power, even if she had the wish, to restrain him. But she struggled in his arms, and held her face aloof from him as she gently rebuked his passion. "No, Harry, no; not so," she said, "it must not be so."

"Yes, Julia, yes; it shall be so; ever so, —

always so." And he was still holding her in his arms, when the door opened, and with stealthy, cat-like steps Sophie Gordeloup entered the room. Harry immediately retreated from his position, and Lady Ongar turned upon her friend, and glared upon her with angry eyes.

"Ah," said the little Franco-Pole, with an expression of infinite delight on her detestable visage, "ah, my dears, is it not well that I thus announce myself?"

"No," said Lady Ongar, "it is not well. It is anything but well."

"And why not well, Julie? Come, do not be foolish. Mr. Clavering is only a cousin, and a very handsome cousin, too. What does it signify before me?"

"It signifies nothing before you," says Lady Ongar.

"But before the servant, Julie?"

"It would signify nothing before anybody."

"Come, come, Julie, dear; that is nonsense."

"Nonsense or no nonsense, I would wish to be private when I please. Will you tell me, Madame Gordeloup, what is your pleasure at the present moment?"

"My pleasure is to beg your pardon and to say you must forgive your poor friend. Your fine man-servant is out, and Bessy let me in. I told Bessy I would go up by myself, and that is all. If I have come too late, I beg pardon."

"Not too late, certainly — as I am still up."

"And I wanted to ask you about the pictures to-morrow? You said, perhaps you would go, perhaps not."

Clavering had found himself to be somewhat awkwardly situated while Madame

Gordeloup was thus explaining the causes of her coming unannounced into the room; as soon, therefore, as he found it practicable, he took his leave. "Julia," he said, "as Madame Gordeloup is with you, I will now go."

"But you will let me see you soon?"

"Yes, very soon; that is, as soon as I return from Clavering. I leave town early to-morrow morning."

"Good-by, then," and she put out her hand to him frankly, smiling sweetly on him. As he felt the warm pressure of her hand he hardly knew whether to return it or to reject it. But he had gone too far now for retreat, and he held it firmly for a moment in his own. She smiled again upon him, oh! so passionately, and nodded her head at him. He had never, he thought, seen a woman look so lovely, or more light of heart. How different was her countenance now from that she had worn when she told him, earlier on that fatal evening, of all the sorrows that made her wretched. That nod of hers said so much. "We understand each other now, — do we not? Yes; although this spiteful woman has for the moment come between us, we understand each other. And is it not sweet? Ah! the troubles of which I told you; you, you have cured them all." All that had been said plainly in her farewell salutation, and Harry had not dared to contradict it by any expression of his countenance.

"By, by, Mr. Clavering," said Sophie.

"Good evening, Madame Gordeloup," said Harry, turning upon her a look of bitter anger. Then he went, leaving the two women together, and walked home to Bloomsbury Square, — not with the heart of a joyous thriving lover.

This year, when so much of the Continent is closed to pleasure-seekers, we are to have numerous boat excursions up our large streams; the *voyageurs* halting at night wherever their exertions may have carried them, and camping out or patronizing the village inn, as they may feel inclined. The first excursion of this sort was made by the *Water Lily*, a four-oared Thames gig, some fifteen years ago, when five adventurous English students travelled up all the principal streams of Europe, astonishing Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Germans, Italians, Austrians, and Russians, by their courage and suc-

cess. Very recently, Mr. Macgregor has gone over a portion of the *Water Lily's* distance in his *Rob Roy* canoe; and the interest excited by his little narrative has determined the author of the book describing the *Water Lily's* excursion to prepare an entirely new edition of his work for immediate publication. The title will be "The Log of the *Water Lily* (Thames Gig) during two Cruises in the Summers of 1851-52, on the Rhine, Neckar, Main, Moselle, Danube, and other Streams in Germany," by R. B. Mansfield, Jun., B.A., of Oxford.

From The Saturday Review.

CHATTERTON'S POEMS.*

It has been very justly said of Chatterton that "in his modern effusions he is but a clever boy beginning to handle with some effect the language of Pope and Dryden." They are wanting in depth, in vigour, and in anything approaching the finer poetic enthusiasm. Yet, oddly enough, these are the very poems which it has been thought fit to republish in the present volume. With perhaps three exceptions, the selection is entirely made from those modern compositions in which the poet lacked the enthusiasm and force that scarcely ever failed to inspire him when working in the antique. The compiler, as is too much the wont with all compilers, seems to forget that in a small selection it is not his business to provide material for the biographer, but to choose those pieces which illustrate the best powers of the writer and give most of the highest kind of pleasure to the reader. To the biographer not even the merest trifle is uninteresting or unimportant, but, to the rest of the world, the fact that Chatterton wrote some bad verses at the age of eleven is no reason why a man should waste his time in reading the bad verses, or pay money for the privilege of possessing them. No poet who has ever lived has missed writing things that are not worth reading, but it is particularly hard that these should be the things chosen by an editor in preference to his really good work. Chatterton, for example, like everybody else who ever wrote a verse, has translated the fifth ode of the First Book of Horace, and we venture to say has done that feat about as poorly as any undergraduate that ever rhymed:—

What gentle youth, my lovely fair one, say,
With sweets perfum'd now courts thee to the bower,
Where glows with lustre red the rose of May,
To form thy couch in love's enchanting hour?
* * * * *
Though soft the beams of thy delusive eyes
As the smooth surface of the untroubled stream;
Yet, ah! too soon the ecstatic vision flies—
Flies like the fairy paintings of a dream.

Unhappy youth! oh, shun the warm embrace,
Nor trust too much affection's flattering smile!

* Poems by Thomas Chatterton. With a Memoir by Frederick Martin. Illustrated. London: Charles Griffin & Co.

Dark poison lurks beneath that charming face,
Those melting eyes but languish to beguile.
Thank heaven, I've broke the sweet but galling chain,
Worse than the horrors of the stormy main.

This is just the style in which it was natural that anybody living about the time of the accession of George III. should translate, and it is just the style which is least fit for rendering so exquisite a lyric. In his modern verses, again, Chatterton was not only weak and diffuse, but malicious and ill-conditioned. Yet the present compiler has not even spared us these unworthy pieces. There is "February; an Elegy," for instance, abounding in weak malevolence, as nearly every stanza shows:—

Begin, my muse, the imitative lay,
Aonian doxies sound the thrumming string;
Attempt no number of the plaintive Gay,
Let me like midnight cats or Collins sing.
* * * * *
Now the rough goat withdraws his curling horns,
And the cold waterer twirls his circling mop;
Swift, sudden anguish darts through altering corns,
And the spruce mercer trembles in his shop.
* * * * *
Now Foote, a looking-glass for all mankind,
Applies his wax to personal defects,
But leaves untouched the image of the mind,
His art no mental quality reflects.
* * * * *
The pension'd muse of Johnson is no more!
Drown'd in a butt of wine his genius lies,
Earth, Ocean, Heav'n, the wondrous loss deplore,
The dregs of nature with her glory dies.

A man should be able to write better verses of his own before affecting to bewail the fall of another muse. One cannot, however, blame Chatterton for writing them. Considering his years, they are more than precocious enough, but they are certainly not worth reading now. And the worst of it is that, while stuff like this is offered to the modern buyer of books of verse, the editor can find no room for the famous Ode to Liberty, the most powerful of Chatterton's compositions, and that which gives the best idea of the strength and grasp of his genius:—

When Freedom, drest in blood-stained vest,
To every knight her war-song sung,
Upon her head wild weed were spread,
A gory anlace by her hung.
She danced on the heath,
She heard the voice of Death;
Pale-eyed Affright, his heart of silver hue,

In vain assailed her bosom to acale,
She heard unflemed the shrieking voice of woe,
And sadness in the owl shake the dale.

She shook the hurled spear;
On high she jeest her shield;
Her foemen all appear,
And flizz along the field.

Power with his heafod straught into the skies,
His spear a sun-beam and his shield a star,
Alike tway breunning gronfires rolls his eyes,
Chafes with his iron feet and sounds to war.

She sits upon a rock;
She bends before his spear,
She rises from the shock,
Wielding her own in air.

Hard as the thunder doth she drive it on;
Wit skilly wimpld guides it to his crown;
His long sharp spear, his spreading shield is
gone;

He falls and falling rolleth thousands down.
War, gore-faced war, by stands with burl'd
wrist

His fiery helm nodding to the air,
Ten bloody arrows in his straining fist.

This grand piece is only a fragment, but there is no excuse for its omission. It may be said that people don't know that "anlace" means a sword, or that "a beaming gronfire" is antique for a burning meteor, or that "jeest" is equivalent to "hurled." This is true, but then it would have been very easy to explain the hard words in footnotes, and are poets to be expurgated until they contain nothing that the most ignorant and indolent reader can fail to understand? If this be the compiler's theory, we are glad to notice one very honourable inconsistency, for he has inserted without glossary, the well-known "Excelente Balade of Charitie; as Wroten bie the Gode Prieste Thomas Rowleie," containing the celebrated picture of the storm:—

The gather'd storm is rype; the bigge drops
falle;

The forswat meadows smethe and drenche the
raine:

The comyng ghastrness do the cattle pall,
And the full flockes are dryvynge ore the plaine;
Dashde from the cloudes the waters flott againe;
The welkin opes; the yellow lewynne flies;
And the hot fiery smothe in the wide lowings
dies.

Liste! now the thunder's rattling clymmyng
sound

Cheves slowlie on, and then embollen clangs,
Shakes the hie spyre and losst, dispended,
drown'd,

Still on the gallard eare of terrour hanges;
The winds are up; the lofty elmen swanges;
Again the lewynne and the thunder poures,
And the full cloudes are braste attenes in sto-
nen showers.

FOURTH SERIES. LIVING AGE. VOL. II. 98.

If the reader is expected to understand this without any explanation of the archaic phrases, why should he not have had the other fine pieces in the same style? Who can care for the stilted empty stuff on Lord Mayor Beckford's death, when it keeps out such a thing as the splendid personification of Hope?—

Hope, holy sister, sweeping thro' the sky,
In crown of gold and robe of lily white,
Which far abroad in gentle air doth fly,
Meeting from distance the enjoyous sight;
Albeit oft thou takest thy high flight
Hecked [shrouded] in mist and with thine eyne
yblent.

And the editor has gone on the same fatal principle throughout. We do not get "Rowley's Song to Aella," but we have all the verses that Chatterton wrote to Miss Hoyland in behalf of his friend Baker, and his acrostics on Sally Clarke, and his song to Fanny of the Hill. There are no less than ten sets of verses in the present little volume all devoted to Miss Hoyland, and written when the poet was little more than fifteen years old. One of them, for example, is an acrostic on her name, beginning thus:—

Enchanting is the mighty power of love;
Life stript of amorous joys would irksome
prove;
E'en Heaven's great Thunderer wore the easy
chain,
And over all the world Love keeps his reign.

And so we advance until we have got "Eleanor Hoyland" all complete. Now, it is hard to imagine any ten sets of love-verses, addressed to one flame, being readable by the public, but there is an extraordinarily good reason why they should be unreadable in this case. Chatterton never saw the lady. Nature "made an Hoyland, and can make no more." "O Hoyland! heavenly goddess! angel! saint!" But the angel was in America, and all that Chatterton knew about her was that his friend Baker, then in South Carolina, was in love with her, and wished to send her some verses, which he unfortunately had not the knack of composing for himself. So he wrote to his old schoolmate at Bristol, and got what he wanted by the next mail. "The poems, &c., on Miss Hoyland," says Chatterton in his letter in reply, "I wish better for her sake and yours." If he could have foreseen the blindness of editors he might have added, "and for the sake of posterity also." The compiler of a selec-

tion ordinarily thinks that anything will pass muster which bears the stamp of a household name like Chatterton's, and which is intelligible to the meanest capacity, and the present edition of his poems is at once an illustration and a warning. It has been observed with truth, that "nothing should be written in verse which is not exquisite; in prose anything may be said which is worth saying at all; in verse only what is worth saying better than prose can say it." Not one compiler in twenty shows the faintest appreciation of this. Anything that is written in verse they take for granted is exquisite from that fact, and is worth reprinting. There is not a poet, except perhaps Gray, who has not written something which the world would willingly let die, and which would die if compilers would only learn discrimination. Chatterton suffers severely from this inability to distinguish between the good and the bad work of men with established reputations, because he died so young, and therefore had not time to destroy those many immature pieces which are surprising for his years, but little short of absolutely worthless in themselves.

Apart from the merit of his antique pieces, both for their own sake and from the astounding youth of their writer, Chatterton's best poems possess a remarkable interest from their position in the history of English poetry. He stands out as one of the very tiny band who in the eighteenth century preserved the divine fire which, according to Coleridge, burnt so brightly in England up to the time of Dryden, paled with the rise of that majestic writer, and burst forth again with fresh energy and light and warmth at the opening of our own century. Chatterton is a less conspicuous member of this company than Collins and than Thomson, and both the antique garb in which he chose to clothe his verse, and the less superficial nature of his thoughts and images, have combined to make him less popular than Gray. But, along with these, he helped to hand on the torch across the dreariest portion of the last century. He drew his landscapes, for example, straight from nature, as the two stanzas descriptive of the storm, already quoted, are enough to show. He has the gift, rarer then than at any other time since, of true poetic diction, conformable to reason and fact, and yet informed by imagination and inspired with genuine fervour. That exquisite piece, the "Minstrel's Song"—one of the few good things not omitted in the present selection—is as

little characteristic of the eighteenth century as anything that could be written. That is to say, it has freshness and simplicity and sincerity, without a single conventional phrase or too stately turn. Like the rest of Chatterton's antiques, it is the sign of that poetic taste for the past which was afterwards developed by Scott, and which was the first symptom of the redemption of English poetry from the narrow, though glittering, bondage into which the imitators of bad French art had brought it. The sense of the dimness and distance of the past kindled an enthusiasm in minds which could see nothing but what was base and sordid in the people and ideas immediately around them. It was, in fact, the only way, to all appearance, in which they could come by that conception and sense of size which, along with sincere observation, is so essential to the finest kind of descriptive poetry. The fire of Chatterton's genius was perhaps powerful enough to burst through the poetic limitations of his time, even if the accidental possession of the old parchments from the muniment-room of St. Mary's had not served to stimulate his mind on this particular side. Burns, who was ten or eleven years old when Chatterton died, produced some of the least artificial poetry in our literature without any accidental diversion of this kind, and Chatterton was not inferior to him in original force, though he was so in every other respect. However, the fact remains that all that is best worth reading in Chatterton's verse is what he wrote under the inspiration of the quaint past. The most important fact of all in connection with his remains is that he was seventeen years and nine months old when he died.

The French paper, *L'Evenement*, recently offered a copy of Victor Hugo's last work to all subscribers who should put their names down for the year. In one week they found themselves called upon to supply 7,700 copies, and it was necessary they should be delivered within forty-eight hours. The publishers, Messrs. Lacroix, had sold the entire edition; but the well known printers, Messrs. Lahure and Co., undertook the contract, and performed it to the time agreed upon. A French writer remarks that the three volumes contained 62 sheets of 16 pages each, which, multiplied by 7,700 copies, gave 477,400 sheets, and 7,638,400 pages; or, by measurement, 386,440 yards.

From the Fortnightly Review.

ON THE USE OF METAPHOR AND
"PATHETIC FALLACY" IN POETRY.

THERE is an important question connected with the principles of poetic art which the high authority of Mr. Ruskin has been chiefly instrumental in deciding; but notwithstanding my profound sense of the value of Mr. Ruskin's teaching on æsthetic matters, I venture to think that in this instance his decision has been too hastily accepted as final. I refer to the question of the use of metaphor, and what Mr. Ruskin has termed "pathetic fallacy" in poetry.

Now if there be a great fundamental principle, the slow recognition of which by modern art we owe to Mr. Ruskin, it is this, that "nothing can be good or useful or ultimately pleasurable which is untrue." (Modern Painters, vol. iii. p. 160.) Yet here, he proceeds, in metaphor and pathetic fallacy, "is something pleasurable in written poetry which is nevertheless untrue." For, according to him, these forms of thought result from the "extraordinary or false appearances of things to us, when we are under the influence of emotion or contemplative fancy—false appearances, as being entirely unconnected with any real power or character in the object, and only imputed to it by us" (p. 159). Mr. Ruskin further adds, that "the greatest poets do not often admit this kind of falseness—that it is only the second order of poets who much delight in it." Yet he admits that "if we think over our favourite poetry we shall find it full of this kind of fallacy, and that we like it all the more for being so." Now there is here a contradiction which is well worthy of attentive examination. This attribution by metaphor of spiritual qualities to material objects is eminently characteristic of modern poetry—notably of Tennyson's—and has been made a ground of serious objection to it, as fatal to any claim it might put forward to be accounted first-rate, by more than one critic following in the wake of Mr. Ruskin. And so far as such criticism has been a protest against the indiscriminating admiration for mere pretty disconnected freaks of fancy, which at one time threatened to break up our poetry into so many foam-wreaths of loose luxuriant images, the effect of it has been beneficial. There is danger, on the other hand, that this criticism may beget a blind dogmatism, very injurious to the natural and healthy development of the poetic art which may be proper to our own present age. For the intel-

lectual and æsthetic developments of each different race and age will have a characteristic individuality of their own. And criticism ought to point us to the great models of the past, not that we may become their cold and servile imitators, but that we may nourish on them our own creative genius. The classification of artists as first, second, and third rate, must always be somewhat arbitrary; but the criticism which disposes of a quality that is essential to such poetry as Tennyson's, by calling it a weakness and a "note" of inferiority, may itself be suspected of shallowness.

Let us first take for brief examination some instances of alleged fallacy in the use of metaphorical expressions. The following Mr. Ruskin takes from Keats:—

"Down whose green back the short-lived foam,
all hoar,
Bursts gradual with a wayward indolence:"

Now salt water cannot be either wayward or indolent; on this plain fact the charge of falsehood in the metaphor is grounded. Yet this expression is precisely the most exquisite bit in the picture. Can plain falsehood then be truly poetic and beautiful? Many people will reply, "certainly," believing that poetry is essentially pleasing by the number of pretty falsehoods told or suggested. We believe with Mr. Ruskin that poetry is only good in proportion to its truth. Now, we must first inquire what the poet is here intending to describe. If a scientific man were to explain to us the nature of foam by telling us that it is a wayward and indolent thing, this would clearly be a falsehood. But does the poet profess to explain what the man of science would profess to explain, or something else? What are the physical laws according to which water becomes foam, and foam falls along the back of a wave—that is one question; and what impression does this condition of things produce on a mind that observes closely, and feels with exquisite delicacy of sense the beauty in the movement of the foam, and its subtle relations to other material things, as well as to certain analogues in the sphere of spirit, to functions and states of the human spirit—this is a totally different question. Now I submit that the office of the poet in this connection is to answer the latter question, and that of the scientific man to answer the former. But observe that this is not granting license of scientific ignorance or wanton inaccuracy to the poet which some critics are disposed to grant. For if the poet ignorantly or wantonly con-

tradicts such results of scientific inquiry as are generally familiar to the cultivated minds of his age he puts himself out of harmony with them, and does not announce truth, which can commend itself to them as such. But the poetic aspects of a circumstance do not disappear when the circumstance is regarded according to the fresh light scientific inquiry has thrown upon it. Such poetic aspects are increased as knowledge increases. Keats, in this instance, contradicts no legitimate scientific conclusion. The poet who does so wantonly, shows little of the true poet's reverence for nature. The poet undertakes to teach what the man of science does not undertake to teach: their provinces are different; but if they contradict one another, they are so far bunglers in their respective trades.

Let us here at once, as briefly as may be, dispose of an erroneous popular assumption, which simply results from inaccurate thought. It may be conceded that we have shown how the metaphor of Keats correctly describes the effect of foam breaking up along the back of a wave on a poetic mind sensitive to its beauty; but it will probably be urged that while the scientific man investigates the nature of things themselves, the poet, after all, only describes things as they appear to us. This is a complete mistake. The water, the foam, and the laws of their existence, which it is the object of science to investigate, are *phenomena*; that is products of something external to us and of our perceiving faculty in reciprocal action. Out of deference to the constitutional objection of Englishmen to careful thought, Mr. Ruskin, while giving us some metaphysics of his own on this topic, humorously denounces the "troublesomeness of metaphysicians" who do not agree with him. It is plain matter-of-fact, however, that blueness and saltness and fluidity are effects of things on our senses and perceiving faculties, — are the appearances of things to us. The scientific man, therefore, in describing these phenomena, the fixed order of their co-existence and succession, describes certain features of their appearance to us; and the poet equally chooses certain other features of their appearance to us. The analogies of natural things to spiritual, and the beauty of these which the poet discerns, are as much facts as the more obvious facts that sea-water is salt and green, and that foam is white or grey. True indeed it is that nearly every one can see and acknowledge the latter facts to be facts, and that much fewer persons can see the wayward indolence of the foam on the back of the green wave; but

colour-blind people cannot see the greenness of the wave; and to those who know nothing of science, many undoubted facts the man of science can tell will seem unintelligible. There are many truths we unhesitatingly receive as such, although some persons of less perfect and cultured faculty cannot receive them. Now, whether the faculty whereby we attain to truth be called judgment, reasoning, imagination, or fancy, can be of little consequence. One source of error in this matter is, that in the popular use of the words, we "fancy" and "imagine" what is not the fact.

But we can here only afford room to refer the reader on this point to Mr. Ruskin's own fine dissertations on the respective functions of imagination and fancy — one of his definitions of true imagination being that it is the faculty of "taking things by the heart," and as such, certainly not a faculty of seeing things falsely. The question is, does the metaphor of Keats express the poetic truth forcibly to kindred imaginative minds, or does it not? If, as is the case with so many fine-sounding metaphorical expressions, this expression when examined should prove inaccurate, far-fetched, affected, disturbing, and degrading, not intensifying and ennobling to the pictorial effect of that which the poet intended to represent, then is the metaphor false, and because false, therefore bad as art. Indolence and foam may be interesting separately, but they may be so remotely suggestive of one another that the association of them can serve no purpose but to prove the nimbleness of the poet's fancy. But we submit that the shredding forceless drift of old foam on the wave's back cannot be painted more accurately than by the metaphor of Keats. It is verily analogous to — that is, partially identical with — the aimless drift of indolent thought; and I find that I know each phenomenon better by thus identifying them in conception. It may be strange that so it should be; it may even be repugnant to some pseudo-philosophical scheme which has found a lodging in our minds we do not know why or how, implying the absolute contrariety of mind and matter; but yet, if be a fact that so it is, ought not we who reverence facts to receive it? And why should a poet be a teller of pleasant lies, for pointing the fact out to us? It may indeed be urged that Keats does not merely assert the mental and material phenomena to be *like*, but asserts the foam to be indolent and wayward, which it is not. Let it be remembered, however, that if the poet had

introduced here an elaborate comparison, he would have diverted our sight and thought from the water itself to a distinct human isphere, with all its new and foreign associations, which would have been injurious to the harmonious progress of his poem, his object being merely to touch in the wave and its foam, as he passed onward, with as few and as telling touches as possible. Besides, in employing a metaphorical expression, you do not intend to make, and no one understands you to make, a literal assertion; you are making it metaphorically, and this because you feel that you can best express the character of one thing by ascribing to it the character of something analogous. You might multiply vague epithets for ever, and not hit it off—not transfix the core of a thing's individuality—as you can do, by a single happy metaphor. There are correspondences between spirit and matter, and it is in seizing these that we find each analogue in spirit and matter becoming suddenly luminous, intelligible, real. It would not, as is assumed, be *more accurate* to say, "the foam falls gradually." These terms are too abstract: other things also fall gradually; and therefore they do not give the individuality of the phenomenon in question. There is indeed some error involved in the use of Keats' metaphor; but this error is allowed for, and it is the most accurate expression possible of the fact; for the error of poverty and vagueness which the more abstract epithets would involve is a far more radical error; so that they are erroneously supposed to be more scientific and exact. The commonest terms in use for expressing mental and moral qualities are derived from conditions and qualities of matter, that is, are used metaphorically; and yet we do not call them "fallacies." We talk of an "upright man" in the moral sense as readily as we talk of an upright man in the bodily. Our most graphic and vigorous prose must share the fate of our best poetry if metaphor be simply falsehood. How are you to avoid speaking of a tortuous, crooked policy? The splendid vigour of Mr. Ruskin's own prose-poetry is largely due to his felicitous use of metaphor.

Mr. Ruskin, indeed, remarks justly that Homer "would never have written, never have thought of" such a metaphor as this of Keats'. He will call the waves "over-roofed," "full-charged," "monstrous," "compact-black," "wine-coloured," and so on. These terms are as accurate, as incisive, as terms can be, but they never show the slightest feeling of anything animated in

the ocean. Now this faculty of seeing and giving the external appearance of a thing precisely is eminently Homeric, and is one without which a man can hardly be a poet at all. The ideal on which poetasters pique themselves means but a feeble, insecure grasp of reality; they do not know that to find the ideal they must first hold fast and see into the common external thing which they deem so despicable. But the fellowship of the external thing with certain spiritual things is an additional though latent quality in it, the perception of which may result from a keen gaze into the external appearance. Does Keats then see more than Homer? Mr. Ruskin replies that Homer had a faith in the animation of the sea much stronger than Keats. But "all this sense of something living in it he separates in his mind into a great abstract image of a sea power. He never says the waves rage or are idle. But he says there is somewhat in, and greater than, the waves which rages and is idle, and that he calls a god" (vol. iii. p. 174).

We must remark upon this that the early poets of a people have seldom displayed so great a care for the beauties of external nature in general as their later poets have done. Compare Homer and Theocritus, Chaucer and Tennyson. The earlier poetry will deal chiefly with the outward active life of man—his wars, hunting, his passion for women and other excitements, with all the intrigues and adventures to which this may give rise; and the noblest songs have been sung about these simple universally interesting themes. But the criticism which insists on the poetry of a later age being squared on the model of that of an earlier age may surely be reminded that the earlier poetry is so great and good precisely because it is spontaneous, the perfect expression of the age in which it was produced. As men come to lead more artificial quiet lives, they reflect more on themselves and on the nature around them, they stand in new relationships to external things, they acquire new habits of feeling, acting, thinking, and external nature becomes the mirror of their own more highly organised existence; so that the earlier poet cannot see those subtle meanings in the face of nature which the later poet sees. If the external features of nature remain the same, the spirit of men in relation with them changes ever. But even if we admitted with Mr. Ruskin that Homer was as sensitively alive to the delicate play of expression on the mobile countenance of nature as Keats was, only that he ascribed it to some

god and that Keats did not, we should be constrained to ask, does Mr. Ruskin mean that Homer's was a more correct mode of embodying that animation that was the metaphorical mode of Keats? Are we to believe in the Pagan nature-divinities? Because if not, and if yet Mr. Ruskin admits the animation in question, it is hard to see why he praises Homer and deems the metaphor of Keats a pleasant falsehood and a characteristic of the vicious modern manner. Surely we owe the restoration of our faith in the glorious animation of nature very largely to Mr. Ruskin's own teaching, which makes his inconsistent doctrine on this subject of metaphor the more to be regretted. What makes the language of our poets often incorrect, confused, affected, is that while they cannot help feeling that there is a life and a spirit in nature, they are instructed by our teachers of authority that this feeling is but a pretty superstition, allowable, indeed, in poetry, yet not to be mistaken for a true belief. Poetry, therefore, becomes an "elegant pastime," by no means the expression of our deepest and most earnest insight. The result last century was that in our poetry "mountains nodded drowsy heads," and "flowers sweated beneath the night dew." For if images of this kind be delusions, with no basis in truth, the elegance of them resolves itself into a mere matter of taste. And people at that time thought those ideas very lovely and poetic indeed. Even now many of our most intelligent minds believe

"Earth goes by chemic forces; Heaven's
A mechanic celeste,
And heart and mind of human kind
A watchwork as the rest." — CLOUGH.

Others of us believe that there is a deity indeed, but one who, having made all this only watches it go, and occasionally interferes with the order of it to prove to us that it did not make itself, and to remind us of his own existence. But of the God of St. Paul, "in whom we (and all other things) live, move, and have our being," we hear very little. If, however, it were permitted in so enlightened an age as the present to broach so old-world an idea, we might yet believe with Homer that there is a great sea-power, a Divinity in the sea as well as a great deal of salt-water; then we might still believe with the great modern poet, with whom it was no pretty lie but a profound faith, that —

"There is a spirit in the pathless woods,
A presence that disturbs us with the joy
Of elevated thoughts, a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."

I think it especially important to examine the position which Mr. Ruskin has taken in this question in his third volume of "Modern Painters," because it tends to neutralise the noble teaching of the second volume, to which our art owes incalculable benefit. We have only to turn to the chapter on "Imagination Penetrative" (p. 163, vol. ii.) to be assured of the inconsistency of his doctrine on this subject. As an instance of what he means by Imagination Penetrative, he quotes from Milton —

"Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears."

How can a primrose be forsaken, or cowslips hang *pensive* heads? According to the chapter on "Pathetic Fallacy," only a poet of the secondary order would indulge in such pretty fallacies. He goes on, however, to quote Shakspeare's image of "pale primroses dying unmarried, before they can behold bright Phæbus in his strength;" yet what is his comment here? "Observe how the imagination goes into the very inmost soul of every flower," and "never stops on their spots or bodily shape," which last remark implies a half-censure of Milton for describing "the pansy freaked with jet," that being merely a touch of inferior fancy, that mixes with and mars the work of imagination. Again, "the imagination sees the heart and inner nature, and makes them felt, but is often obscure, mysterious, and interrupted in its giving of outer detail." Even in the case of elaborate imaginative structures such as those of Dante and Milton, the poet's work, we would contend, is the product of sheer insight, whose keen, long, ardent gaze into the eyes of nature, human and material, has drawn the very soul out of her. From that central point to which the seer has pierced, all parts are seen in their own relative proportion, harmony, hidden meaning, and purpose; and the several parts that are chosen and united in his work form a perfect organic structure, because they are conjoined, not according to the accidental juxtaposition in which the

vulgar eye may chauce to behold them at the surface, but according to the eternal affinities they have in nature for one another. The parts of such a work are not pieced arbitrarily together; they have chemical affinity for one another; and they grow up into an organic whole in the creative mind of the poet, which process is just a reproduction in small of the grand organic evolution of the universe. We see things in isolated broken pieces; but the poet, with unerring instinct as by a spirit magnetism, brings together the fragments that indeed belong to one another, and so forms for us living models of the universal kosmos. In this manner great artists have positively created new individualities—or at least gone to the verge of creating them. If the idea of an imaginary living creature were perfectly sufficient and self-consistent, it would actually live. But if in the course of ages mind ever came to evolve creations in the same sense as mind itself seems now to be evolved from material organisation, such creatures would probably transcend the minds we know as much as these minds transcend the bodily organisation. Meanwhile great imaginations approach such a goal. There is the Dragon of Turner in the Jason of his *Liber Studiorum*; the terrible Lombard Griffin, so intensely portrayed by Ruskin; the Satan of Milton; the Caliban of Shakspeare. That creature may have actually breathed or may actually breathe some day, he seems so real, so possible. This doctrine that all real poetry tells the most fundamental truth about things, instead of being merely a play of pretty or pathetic fallacies, and elegant relaxation for after dinner, as modern critics seem to conceive, I venture to propound as having the sanction of no mean critic—Aristotle. For Aristotle, while defining poetry "viewed generally" as *μυμῆσις*, yet explains that he does not mean such imitation as modern photography might represent. "Poetry," he explains, "represents actions less ordinary and interchanged, and endows them with more rareness," than is found in nature. The poet's business is "not to tell events as they have actually happened, but as they might possibly happen." "Poetry is more sublime and more philosophical than history." We contend then for Aristotle's definition of poetry as *μυμῆσις*, the imitative art, as on the whole the best and most helpful. And I have merely wished here in passing to strengthen my argument by showing that the principles I apply to defend the use of metaphor are of universal application in all

departments of poetry. Thus I might proceed to show that there is more essential truth in the few lines embodying Spenser's symbolic impersonations of the vices (envy, gluttony, jealousy, &c.), than could be expressed in as many pages of abstract dissertation.

It is unfortunate that Wordsworth, in the course of those few discussions of his on the principles of Poetry which are worth their weight in gold (considering how little scientific standard criticism our language can boast in comparison with the portentous amount of smart, conceited, futile Babel-utterances with which the weekly press teems to our bewilderment)—it is unfortunate that Wordsworth himself should have used some unguarded language relative to the question we are here discussing. He says that imagination "confers additional properties on an object, or abstracts from it some of those which it actually possesses." (Preface to Edit. of 1815 of Poet. Works.) He gives several instances of this, which it may be well for us to examine. First from Milton—

"As when far off at sea a fleet descried
Hangs in the clouds."

No fleet hangs in the clouds. But the poet, professing to describe the appearance of a fleet far out at sea, describes it exactly by these terms, and adds nothing to the picture that does not belong to the actual appearance. Wordsworth next quotes from his own perfect descriptive poetry, "Over his own sweet voice the stock-dove broods." The word "broods," Wordsworth himself remarks, conveys the manner in which the bird reiterates and prolongs the soft note, as if participating in a still and quiet satisfaction like that which may be supposed inseparable from the continuous process of incubation. Now it is probably true, scientifically as well as poetically, that the bird delights in, and broods over its own note, while his mate is sitting near upon their eggs. Again—

"O cuckoo, shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?"

If the poet, looking up at the grey cuckoo in the tree, were to address it as a voice rather than a bird, the thought would not be pleasing, but absurd, because untrue and affected. But we may conceive him wondering meditatively about Rydal, as was his wont, lying upon the fresh green grass, and listening to that beloved voice of the

spring, with all its old, sweet, sad associations. Has not that cuckoo-voice become part of ourselves, a link of our hearts to some long and lovely past? Has not that quiet happy voice, falling into the hearts of lovers, beating very close to one another, thrilled them into a yet dearer fusion? And when such lovers have been parted, has not this gentle voice united them in spirit again as they listened? Is not the cuckoo voice indeed all this, the very spirit of our English spring, quite as much, nay, how very much more, than it is the love-call of one individual male cuckoo? The poet has told us one truth, and the naturalist may tell us another. The one "lies" and "alters nature" quite as little as the other. Wordsworth's genius steals like moonlight, silent and unware, into many a hidden nook that seemed barren and formless before, but now teems with shy and rare loveliness as of herb and flower; yet the moonlight only reveals what is already latent there. Creative, indeed, are these isolated images and metaphors, having a vital truth and coherence of their own, quite as real as that of the vaster completed works of high art; and while in the highest work these subordinate features will have their meaning in strict subordination to the whole, yet criticism is wrong to ignore and decry beauty of detail, which, if genuine, is itself the offspring of the same quickening, creative spark, fusing diverse elements into one. Though Keats was no weakling of the Kirke White stamp, to be "snuffed out by an article," one pain more might have been spared him on his consumptive deathbed, if his critic could have been less malignant, and intelligent enough to comprehend that if unity of plan be all in all, and the character of the details of no importance, then a symmetrical periwig, or a smart review, or a sensation story, would be nobler than Endymion,—which is absurd.

We now pass to some instances of what Mr. Ruskin terms "pathetic fallacy" proper. Mr. Ruskin takes one from Mr. Kingsley's pathetic ballad, "Sands of Dee." Of Mary, who was drowned in calling the cattle home across the sands of Dee, he sings—

"They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel crawling foam."

Now, how can foam be cruel? Mr. Ruskin admits there is a dramatic propriety in the expression; I mean, that the feeling with which a spectator would regard the foam in these circumstances is correctly expressed; but he contends that the reason in this con-

dition is unhinged by grief: foam is not cruel, whether we fancy it so or not. He admits that a person feeling it so will probably be higher in nature than one who should feel nothing of the kind, but contends that there is a third order of natures higher than either—natures which control such fallacious feelings by the force of their intellects. Such men know and feel too much of the past and future, and all things beside and around that which immediately affects them, to be shaken by it. Thus the high creative poet might be thought impassive (shallow people think Dante stern) because he has a great centre of reflection and knowledge in which he stands serene, and watches the feeling, as it were, from far off. We must admit that there is much truth in this fine criticism; yet we must remark upon it that it is one thing to be washed away from our anchorage of reason—which, however, as Mr. Ruskin admits, there are circumstances wherein we should not think it a proof of men's nobleness not to be—and another to be tossed up and down on the strong billows of feelings, holding yet fast to the anchor of reason. I mean that the influence of feeling on our intellects need not necessarily be a distorting influence; feeling may teach us what we could not learn without it. Love, e.g., may often blind us to the defects of a beloved person, and so far confuse our judgment; yet since love puts us *en rapport*, in sympathy with, that person, it imparts insight, and gives wider and more essential data for the exercise of the understanding. The man to whom a primrose is "a yellow primrose and nothing more," by no means knows it correctly because he does not feel any love for it or interest in it. He knows nothing at all about it except the name. A dispassionate judgment means too often a blind undiscriminating judgment formed by men who want those fine inner organs of sensibility without which the data for a true judgment are necessarily wanting; and the stupid judgment of a cynic is infinitely more mischievous than that of a warm partisan, because it has the credit of exceptional impartiality and freedom from "prejudice."

Let us examine this special instance of pathetic fallacy from Kingsley. What and whence is this impression of cruelty in the foam? Is it not the appropriate expression of a sense that comes over us in such-like terrible circumstances that there is on the outside of our weak wills and impotent understandings some mysterious destiny manifesting itself especially in that fixed and iron-bound order of Nature so pitiless to-

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wards us when, in our often innocent ignorance, we happen to be caught into the blind whirl of its relentless machinery? For then it whirls on and crushes not only the living flesh and blood itself has wrought so cunningly, but too often, alas! as it seems, our very human reason — the tenderest and holiest of human sensibilities. In the coolest blood regarding such a spectacle, I ask how shall we express the facts of it? The ancients had their cruel gods and their blind fate. Our faith, on the other hand, if faith we have at all, is in a Supreme Being whose nature we can best conceive by naming Him Love. And yet he who does not feel the weary burden and the mystery of all this unintelligible world — he who does not confess that a feeble glimmer is all our boasted light — that he is an infant crying in the dark, and with no language but a cry — he has not had the data upon which to form a real philosophy. What, then, is it worth? As men, as wise men, we must feel these terrible realities in the core of our beings. If we still retain our faith, after this, well and good. But how shall we express the bewildered anguish of the spirit in such seasons of calamity? To me it seems as inevitable, and therefore as proper as it is natural, that we should upbraid the instrument — the second cause — the cruel crawling sea-foam that swallowed up the innocent one we loved. Let the philosopher at least furnish us with correcter formulæ for the expression of the feeling due from us as human beings on such occasions as this.

Mr. Ruskin again quotes a very affecting ballad from Casimir de la Vigne, as an instance of what he thinks the highest manner where the poet refuses to let himself be carried away by the horror of the incident he relates, and simply pictures the dreadful, naked, physical fact of it without any comment, impressing us far more than if he had indulged in any pathetic fancies of his own about it. There is to be a ball at the French ambassador's, and a fair young girl is dressing for it. All the little nothings she babbles to her maid while beautifying herself — she is to meet her lover — are told just as she would say them, when a spark catches her dress, and she is burnt to death. What is the result? The poet only tells us —

"On disait, pauvre Constance !
Et on dansait jusqu'au jour
Chez l'ambassadeur de France."

Now we do not believe with Mr. Ruskin that dark fallacious thoughts occurred to the poet here, and that he resolutely put them

by because he philosophically held them to be false. We do not believe that the highest poet is "unparticipating in the passions" he depicts, as Coleridge affirms of Shakspeare; he is by turns in the situations of the characters he represents; and here the emotion is so genuine, that the poet's philosophy would have been torn to tatters by it, for indeed such a philosophy would only have waited the rending of reality.

But in cases of sudden intense emotion, metaphor, which implies some degree of reflection on the circumstance, is for the most part out of place. Thought is overwhelmed by feeling, — the bare fearful fact, that alone we see and know, we can but relate that. The poet here feels and relates just as a witness fresh from the incident would do. This bare relation is the most appropriate to the incident related. But when reflection upon an afflicting circumstance is possible and natural, then metaphor and brief comment may be most appropriate to the fullest impression derivable from the circumstance. Wordsworth, therefore, comments a good deal on what he relates (sometimes unduly, but usually with effect), because he does not love violent passion, rapid action, stirring overwhelming situations. We will only add on this branch of the subject how fully we coincide in all Mr. Ruskin's remarks on the false, affected, confused employment of metaphor and so-called "poetic language," characteristic of inferior versification. "Simply bad writing may almost always be known by its adoption of these fanciful metaphorical expressions as a sort of current coin."

One more striking instance where what seems to be pathetic fallacy may be argued to be philosophically true — though to the poet himself the revelation was made rather through feeling and imagination than through reasoning — we may take from Keats. Instead of treating our true poets as amusing liars, I would often rather go to them for solid intellectual food than to the professed dealers in that article. In the *Endymion*, Keats says —

"For I have ever thought that (love) might
bless
The world with benefits unknowingly."
And again,

"Who of men can tell
That flowers would bloom, or that green fruit
would swell
To melting pulp, that fish would have bright
mail,
The earth its dower of river, wood, and vale,
The meadows runnels, runnels pebble-stones,

The seed its harvest, or the lute its tones,
Tones ravishment, or ravishment its sweet,
If human souls did never kiss and greet?"

Now we will only briefly indicate the principle that it is our human love, our power of loving, that gives these beautiful things a being as we know them, for their being, though partly external to us, is also partly engendered by contact with human minds and hearts. Are not the forces which seem to constitute material things, with all their strength, healthfulness, and beauty, forces cognate to Love, which is the affinity and attraction of diverse spirits for one another? Physical attraction, which implies also difference and repulsion, is love in its lowest stage of development. And what is the order, the law, according to which the highest human love is developed? We pass upwards from cohesion to chemical affinities, but it is in the first faint fringes of the organic world that love dawns in her own proper form. There are sexes in plants, and often the pistil of one flower needs to be fertilised by the pollen from another before it can become productive; in animals, the lower love is literally present, till in man it becomes transfigured into its own proper spiritual and heavenly being; and without this for an end and aim, where would cohesion and all the lower forces be? The poet says this in a different way. Looking at things as they are in life, in the concrete, his quick sympathetic insight has discerned this essential truth. Philosophical analysis may reach it in a different way. When, therefore, we attribute to nature a sympathy with our moods, whether of joy or sorrow, we are not under an amiable delusion; the intuition is true, although the shape it assumes may not always be scientifically correct. Nature, like man, has her bright, rich, joyous, and her desolate, decaying phases; in joy we feel the former most, in sorrow we feel and discern more especially the latter. We may indulge these feelings to a morbid degree and see things too brightly or too gloomily; but the sense of a sympathy in nature has its basis in fact.

In concluding, we must touch for a moment on Mr. Ruskin's assertion that metaphor and pathetic fallacy are characteristic rather of the secondary than of the primary order of poets — an assertion which we do not think the facts of the case will bear out. We have already given a reason for the rarity of such forms of thought in very early poetry; but for their rarity in classical poetry another reason may be given. In Oriental poetry they are very usual, because

such forms of thought are much more appropriate to the Oriental genius. Look at the profound and mystic symbolism of Egyptian, Persian, Phœnician, or Indian mythology; to those races the material ever appeared as a film floating upon the deeps of spirit — a film not merely transparent, but itself very spirit, only cooled as it were, solidified, and become gross. The bold hyperbole of Hebrew, Arabic, Persian love and war poetry is essential to the genius of the Oriental nature. But in the classical spirit there is little sense of the infinite, vague, mysterious: the different subject-matters on which intelligence can be exercised are viewed apart, not in their occult relationships: all delight is in the sunny present life, in that which is pleasant, symmetrical, clear, definite. What palpable, complete, satisfying symmetry; what bright beauty of material and structure in those consummate temples, fragments though they be, on and about the Acropolis at Athens! How full is the sunlight blaze upon their golden peristyles under the blue sky overlooking the blue sea! how black and sharp-cut the shadows beside them! There is sorrow and fate with the Greeks as with others; but it stands by itself, quite apart from the joy. In a Gothic cathedral all is dusk, sublime, mysterious, teeming with vague symbol — at once secretion and food of the imagination. Light and shadow are married and mingled; the light is dim and religious; derives a spiritual glory from its very fellowship with darkness; while the gloom becomes half luminous and opalescent from its fellowship with the light. "Our sweetest songs," the modern poet sings, "are those that tell of saddest thought." And yet, with respect to Homer, does not even Homer take the heart-broken old man, when he leaves the tent of Agamemnon empty-handed, back by the shore of the *πολυφροῖς ὄνειρος θαλάσσης*? Has this magnificent epithet for the sea no reference to the lonely, stormful, sorrowful spirit of the old man as he walked by the long, lone surges of it? This surely is not a purely physically-descriptive epithet, like *ὀϊστός πόντος*. But go on to Æschylus, and what will Mr. Ruskin say to his, *ἀνιρθμον γέλασμα*, "the innumerable smile or laugh of the sea?" In Theocritus, again, assuredly metaphor and pathetic fallacy may be found (notably in the first idyl). The pathetic fallacy in Shakspeare's exquisite poem, "Venus and Adonis," "No grass, herb, leaf, or weed but stole his blood and seemed with him to bleed; this solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth," &c., is adapted directly from the Sicilian poet Bion's "Lament for Adonis." Again, that beautiful poem of

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Moschus — the Epitaph of Bion — (3rd idyl) abounds in similar pathetic fallacy. Do not Virgil and Catullus (no mean poets, surely) abound in graphic and appropriate poetic metaphors? Mr. Tennyson's "dividing the swift mind in act to throw," in "Morte d'Arthur," is of course from Virgil. Let us pass to Christian poetry. We have shown that we shall be more likely to find these forms of thought in modern than in classical poetry, and that by no means because modern taste is more vicious, but because the very conditions of life and thought are changed. In the early mediæval poets, indeed, we have more allegory and elaborate symbolism than metaphor and pathetic fallacy — our science and our popular theology setting themselves alike in opposition to our poetic insight and aspirations — so that our poets, striving to link the two spheres of the universe together, do it in a confused, halting manner, like children stealing a forbidden pleasure when the eye of the governing intellect is for a moment turned away. But the colossal poem of Dante forms, we may say, one grand sustained metaphor. And realistic Chaucer too, has he not written "The House of Fame," "The Flower and the Leaf," "The Romaunt of the Rose?" But Petrarch is full of metaphor and pathetic fallacy proper, as, had we space, we might prove. Coming on to Shakspeare, in him these tendencies of thought and feeling already assume their modern expression. Confining ourselves to his sonnets and poems,

we open them almost at random; and in "The Rape of Lucrece" we find "a voice dammed up with woe;" "sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words;" and the line which we regard as one of the *intensest* in poetry, "Stone him with hardened hearts, harder than stones," which, moreover, will remind the intelligent of a very modern and very metaphorical great poet, Shelley. In the description of the hare-hunt in "Venus and Adonis," — as incisive, as clear-cut in its workmanship as any gem intaglio, — the phrase occurs, "Each *envious* briar." In the sonnets we have "The earth doth weep the sun being set." Endless instances might be quoted from Ben Jonson, Fletcher, Drayton, Drummond, and the lesser Elizabethan writers. But in some of these, legitimate outgrowth of metaphor degenerates into parasitic conceit, as it did too often in our own so-called "spasmodic" poets; and yet in neither case did our literature touch the base and frigid affectations of such writers as are lashed in the "Dunciad" of Pope. It seems, however, as if our criticism had of late too much confounded legitimate and genuine metaphor, illustrative of the poet's main design, with mere disconnected conceits of a nimble ingenious fancy. But we have only to compare two poems, alike sensuous and rich in imagery, to feel the difference, viz., the "Venus and Adonis" of Shakspeare, and the "Hero and Leander" of Marlowe.

RODEN NOLE.

THE Parisian comic sheet, the *Figaro*, informs its readers as to the true names of certain popular writers. "Fernand Caballero" conceals the name of a Queen's sister — no less a personage than the Duchess of Montpensier. The Emperor's cousin, Madame Ratazzi, has signed as "Camille Bernard," "Baron Stack," and "Viscount d'Albens." The father of this authoress was the late Hon. Mr. Wyse, an Irish gentleman of good family, and for many years English Minister at Athens. He married a daughter of Lucien Bonaparte, brother of the first Emperor, and separated from his wife soon after his marriage. His eldest daughter married Prince de Solms; and, a fortnight after

his death, Victor Emmanuel's then Minister, Ratazzi. As the Princess de Solms, her *salon* in Paris was celebrated as the place of rendezvous for the semi-literary and artistic world of Paris. "Henri Desroches" and "Jacques Reynaud" are the pseudonyms of Madame Dash.

MR. BEETON has published for twopence a large and very fair War Map, showing the Austrian, Prussian, and Italian battle-fields.

PART XV. — CHAPTER LVII.

SOME OF SEWELL'S OPINIONS.

SEWELL was well received by the magistrate, and promised that he should be admitted to see the prisoner on the next morning; having communicated which tidings to the Chief Baron, he went off to dine with his mother in Merriion Square.

"Isn't Lucy coming?" said Lady Lendrick, as he entered the drawing-room alone.

"No. I told her I wanted a long confidential talk with you; I hinted that she might find it awkward if one of the subjects discussed should happen to be herself, and advised her to stay at home, and she concurred with me."

"You are a great fool, Dudley, to treat her in that fashion. I tell you there never was a woman in the world who could forgive it."

"I don't want her to forgive it, mother; there's the mistake you are always making. The way she baffles me is by non-resistance. If I could once get her to resent something — anything — I could win the game."

"Perhaps some one might resent for her," said she, dryly.

"I ask nothing better. I have tried to bring it to that scores of times, but men have grown very cautious latterly. In the old days of duelling a fellow knew the cost of what he was doing: now that we have got juries and damages, a man thinks twice about an entanglement, without he be a very young fellow."

"It is no wonder that she hates you," said she, fiercely.

"Perhaps not," said he, languidly; "but here comes dinner."

For a while the duties of the table occupied them, and they chatted away about indifferent matters; but when the servants left the room, Sewell took up the theme where they had left it, and said, "It's no use to either of us, mother, to get what is called judicial separation. It's the chain still, only that the links are a little longer, and it's the chain we *hate*! We began to hate it before we were a month tied to each other, and time, somehow, does not smooth down these asperities. As to any other separation, the lawyers tell me it is hopeless. There's a functionary called the 'Queen's' something or other who always intervenes in the interests of morality, and compels people who have proved their incompatibility by years of dissension to go back and quarrel more."

"I think if it were only for the children's sake!" —

"For the children's sake!" broke he in. "What can it possibly matter whether they be brought up by their mother alone, or in a house where their father and mother are always quarrelling? At all events, they form no element in the question so far as I am concerned."

"I think your best hold on the Chief Baron is his liking for the children; he is very fond of Reginald."

"What's the use of a hold on an old man who has more caprices than he has years? He has made eight wills to my own knowledge since May last. You may fancy how far afield he strays in his testamentary dispositions when in one of them he makes *you* residuary legatee."

"*Me! Me!*"

"You; and what's more, calls you his faithful and devoted wife, 'who — for five-and-twenty years that we lived apart — contributed mainly to the happiness of my life.'"

"The parenthesis, at least, is like him," said she, smiling.

"To the children he has bequeathed I don't know what, sometimes with Lucy as their guardian, sometimes myself. The Lendrick girl was always handsomely provided for till lately, when he scratched her out completely; and in the last document which I saw there were the words, 'To my immediate family I bequeath my forgiveness for their desertion of me, and this free of all legacy duty and other charges.' I am sure, mother, he's a little mad."

"Nothing of the kind — no more than you are."

"I don't know that. I always suspect that 'the marvellous vigour' of old age gets its prime stimulus from an over-excited brain. He sat up a whole night last week — I know it to my cost, for I had to copy it out — writing a letter to the 'Times' on the Land Tenure Bill, and he nearly went out of his mind on seeing it in small type."

"He is vain, if you like; but not mad certainly."

"For a while I thought one of his fits of passion would do for him — he gets crimson, and then lividly pale, and then flushed again, and his nails are driven into his palms, and he froths at the mouth; but somehow the whole subsides at last, and his voice grows gentle, and his manner courteous — you'd think him a lamb, if you had never seen him as a tiger. In these moods he becomes actually humble, so that the other night he sat down and wrote his resign-

nation to the Home Office, stating that the increasing burden of years and infirmity left him no other choice than that of descending from the Bench he had occupied so long and so unworthily, and begging her Majesty would graciously accord a retreat to one 'who had outlived everything but his loyalty.'"

"What became of this?"

"He asked me about it next morning, but I said I had burned it by his orders; but I have it this moment in my desk."

"You have no right to keep it. I insist on your destroying it."

"Pardon me, mother. I'd be a rich man to-day if I hadn't given way to that foolish habit of making away with papers supposed to be worthless. The three lines of a man's writing, that the old Judge said he could hang any man on, might, it strikes me, be often used to better purpose."

"I wish you would keep your sharp practices for others and spare *him*," said she, severely.

"It's very generous of you to say so, mother, considering the way he treats you and talks of you."

"Sir William and I were ill met and ill matched, but that is not any reason that I should like to see him treacherously dealt with."

"There's no talk of treachery here. I was merely uttering an abstract truth about the value of old papers, and regretting how late I came to the knowledge. There's that bundle of letters of that fool Trafford, for instance, to Lucy. I can't get a divorce on them, it's true; but I hope to squeeze a thousand pounds out of him before he has them back again."

"I hope in my heart that the world does not know you!" said she, bitterly.

"Do you know, mother, I rather suspect it does? The world is aware that a great many men, some of whom it could ill spare, live by what is called their Wits—that is to say, that they play the game entitled 'Life' with what Yankees call 'the advantages'; and the world no more resents my living by the sharp practice long experience has taught me, than it is angry with this man for being a lawyer, and that one for being a doctor."

"You know in your heart that Trafford never thought of stealing Lucy's affections."

"Perhaps I do; but I don't know what were Lucy's intentions towards Trafford."

"Oh, fie, fie!"

"Be shocked if you like. It's very proper, perhaps, that you should be shocked;

but nature has endowed me with strong nerves or coarse feelings, whichever you like to call them, and consequently I can talk of these things with as little intermixture of sentiment as I would employ in discussing a protested bill. Lucy herself is not deficient in this cool quality, and we have discussed the social contract styled Marriage with a charming unanimity of opinion. Indeed, when I have thought over the marvellous agreement of our sentiments, I have been actually amazed why we could not live together without hating each other."

"I pity her—from the bottom of my heart I pity her."

"So do I, mother. I pity her, because I pity myself. It was a stupid bargain for each of us. I thought I was marrying an angel with sixty thousand pounds. She fancied that she was getting a hero, with a peerage in the distance. Each made a 'bad book.' It is duces hard, however," continued he, in a fiercer strain, "if one must go on backing the horse that you know will lose, staking your money where you see you cannot win. My wife and myself awoke from our illusions years ago; but to please the world, to gratify that amiable thing called Society, we must go on still, just as if we believed all that we know and have proved to be rotten falsehoods. Now I ask you, mother, is not this rather hard? Wouldn't it be hard for a good-tempered, easy-going fellow? And is it not more than hard for a hasty, peevish, irritable dog like myself? We know and see that we are bad company for each other, but you—I mean the world—you insist that we should go on quarreling to the end, as if there was anything edifying in the spectacle of our mutual dislike."

"Too much of this. I beseech you, drop the subject, and talk of something else."

"I declare, mother, if there was any one I could be frank and outspoken with on this theme, I believed it to be yourself. You have had 'your losses' too, and know what it is to be unhappily mated."

"Whatever I may have suffered, I have not lost self-respect," said she, haughtily.

"Heigho!" cried he, wearily, "I always find that my opinions place me in a minority, and so it must ever be while the world is the hypocritical thing we see it. Oh dear, if people could only vote by ballot, I'd like to see marriage put to the test."

"What did Sir William say about my going to the picnic?" asked she, suddenly.

"He said you were quite right to obtain

as many attentions as you could from the Castle, on the same principle that the vicar's wife stipulated for the sheep in the picture — 'as many as the painter would put in for nothing.'

"So that he is firmly determined not to resign?"

"Most firmly; nor will he be warned by the example of the well-bred dog, for he sees, or he might see, all the preparations on foot for kicking him out."

"You don't think they would compel him to resign?"

"No; but they'll compel him to go, which amounts to the same. Balfour says they mean to move an address to the Queen praying her Majesty to superannuate him."

"It would kill him — he'd not survive it."

"So it is generally believed — all the more because it is a course he has ever declared to be impossible — I mean constitutionally impossible."

"I hope he may be spared this insult."

"He might escape it by dying first, mother; and really, under the circumstances, it would be more dignified."

"Your morals were not, at any time, to boast of, but your manners used to be those of a gentleman," said she, in a voice thick with passion.

"I am afraid, mother, that both morals and manners, like this hat of mine, are a little the worse for wear; but, as in the case of the hat too, use has made them pleasanter to me than spec and span new ones, with all the gloss on. At all events, I never dreamed of offending when I suggested the possibility of your being a widow. Indeed, I fancied it was feminine for widower, which I imagined to be no such bad thing."

"If the Chief Baron should be compelled to leave the bench, will it affect your tenure of the Registrarship?"

"That is what nobody seems to know. Some opine one way, some another; and though all ask me what does the Chief himself say on the matter, I have never had the courage to ask the question."

"You are quite right. It would be most indiscreet to do so."

"Indeed, if I were rash enough to risk the step, it would redound to nothing, since I am quite persuaded that he believes that whenever he retires from public life or quits this world altogether, a general chaos will ensue, and that all sorts of ignorant and incompetent people will jostle the clever fellows out of the way, just because the one great directing mind of the age has left the scene and departed."

"All his favours to you have certainly not bought your gratitude, Dudley."

"I don't suspect it is a quality I ever laid up a large stock of, mother — not to say that I have always deemed it a somewhat unworthy thing to swallow the bad qualities of a man simply because he was civil to you personally."

"His kindness might at least secure your silence."

"Then it would be a very craven silence. But I'll join issue with you on the other counts. What is this great kindness for which I am not to speak my mind about him? He has housed and fed me: very good things in their way, but benefits which never cost him anything but his money. Now, what have I repaid him with? My society, my time, my temper, I might say my health, for he has worried me to that degree some days that I have been actually on the verge of a fever. And if his overbearing insolence was hard to endure, still harder was it to stand his inordinate vanity without laughter. I ask you frankly, isn't he the vainest man, not that you ever met, but that you ever heard of?"

"Vain he is, but not without some reason. He has had great triumphs, great distinctions in life."

"So he has told me. I have listened for hours long to descriptions of the sensation he created in the House — it was the Irish House, by the way — by his speech on the Regency Bill, or some other obsolete question; and how Flood had asked the House to adjourn and recover their calm and composure, after the overwhelming power of the speech they had just listened to; and how, at the Bar, Plunkett once said to a jury, 'Short of actual guilt, there is no such misfortune can befall a man as to have Sergeant Lendrick against him.' I wish I was independent — I mean, rich enough, to tell him what I think of him; that I had just five minutes — I'd not ask more — to convey my impression of his great and brilliant qualities! and to show him that, between the impulses of his temper and his vanity together, he is, in matters of the world, little better than a fool! What do you think he is going to do at this very moment? I had not intended speaking of it, but you have pushed me to it. In revenge for the Government having passed him over on the Commission, he is going to supply some of these 'Celt, rascals with means to employ counsel, and raise certain questions of legality, which he thinks will puzzle Pemberton to meet. Of course, rash and indiscreet as he is, this is not to be done openly. It is

to be accomplished in secret, and through me! I am to go to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock to the Richmond Gaol. I have the order for my admission in my pocket. I am there to visit heaven knows whom; some scoundrel or other—just as likely a Government spy as a rebel, who will publish the whole scheme to the world. At all events, I am to see and have speech of the fellow, and ascertain on what evidence he was committed to prison, and what kind of case he can make as to his innocence. He is said to be a gentleman—the very last reason, to my thinking, for taking him up; for whenever a gentleman is found in any predicament beneath him, the presumption is that he ought to be lower still. The wise Judge, however, thinks otherwise, and says, 'Here is the very opportunity I wanted.'

"It is a most disagreeable mission, Dudley. I wish sincerely you could have declined it."

"Not at all. I stand to win, no matter how it comes off; if all goes right, the Chief must make me some acknowledgment on my success; if it be a failure, I'll take care to be so compromised that I must get away out of the country, and I leave to yourself to say what recompense will be enough to repay a man for the loss of his home, and of his wife, and his children."

The laugh with which he concluded this speech rang out with something so devilish in its cadence, that she turned away sickened and disgusted.

"If I thought you as base as your words bespeak you, I'd never see you again," said she, rising and moving towards the door.

"I'll have one cigar, mother, before I join you in the drawing-room," said he, taking it out as he spoke. "I'd not have indulged if you had not left me. May I order a little more sherry?"

"Ring for whatever you want," said she coldly, and quitted the room.

CHAPTER LVIII.

THE VISIT TO THE GAOL.

COLONEL SEWELL was well known in the city, and when he presented himself at the Gaol, was received by the deputy-governor with all fitting courtesy. "Your house is pretty full, I believe, Mr. Bland," said Sewell, jocularly.

"Yes, sir; I never remember to have had so many prisoners in charge; and the Mountjoy Prison has sent off two drafts this morning to England, to make room for

the new committals. The order is all right, sir," said he, looking at the paper Sewell extended towards him. "The governor has given him a small room in his own house. It would have been hard to put him with the others, who are so inferior to him."

"A man of station and rank, then?" asked Sewell.

"So they say, sir."

"And his name?"

"You must excuse me, Colonel. It is a case for great caution; and we have been strictly enjoined not to let his name get abroad at present. Mr. Spencer's note—for he wrote to us last night—said, 'If it should turn out that Colonel Sewell is acquainted with the prisoner, as he opines, you will repeat the caution I already impressed upon him, not to divulge his name.' The fact is, sir," said he, lowering his voice to a confidential tone, "I may venture to tell you that his diary contains so many names of men in high position, that it is all-important we should proceed with great secrecy, for we find persons involved whom nobody could possibly have suspected could be engaged in such a scheme."

"It is not easy to believe men could be such asses," said Sewell, contemptuously. "Is this gentleman Irish?"

"Not at liberty to say, sir. My orders are peremptory on the subject of his personality."

"You are a miracle of discretion, Mr. Bland."

"Charmed to hear you say so, Colonel Sewell. There's no one whose good word I'd be more proud of."

"And why isn't he bailed?" said Sewell, returning to the charge. "Had he no one to be his surety?"

"That's strange enough, sir. Mr. Spencer put it to him that he'd better have some legal adviser; and though he wouldn't go so far as to say they'd take bail for him, he hinted that probably he would like to confer with some friend, and all the answer he got was, 'It's all a mistake from beginning to end. I'm not the man you're looking for; but if it gives the poor devil time to make his escape, perhaps he'll live to learn better; and so I'm at your orders.'"

"I suppose that pretext did not impose upon the magistrate?"

"Not for a moment, sir. Mr. Spencer is an old bird, and not to be caught by such chaff. He sent him off here at once. He tried the same dodge, though, when he came in. 'If I could have a quiet room for the few days I shall be here, it would be a great comfort to me,' said he to the governor. 'I

have a number of letters to write; and if you could manage to give me one with a north light, it would oblige me immensely, for I'm fond of painting." Not bad that, sir, for a man suspected of treason-felony—a north light to paint by!"

"You need not announce me by name, Mr. Bland, for it's just as likely I shall discover that this gentleman and I are strangers to each other; but simply say, a gentleman who wishes to see you."

"Take Colonel Sewell up to the governor's corridor," said he to a turnkey, "and show him to the small room next the chapel."

Musing over what Mr. Bland had told him, Sewell ascended the stairs. His mission had not been much to his taste from the beginning. If it at first seemed to offer the probability of placing the old Judge in his power by some act of indiscretion, by some rash step or other, a little reflection showed that to employ the pressure such a weakness might expose him to, would necessitate the taking of other people into confidence. "I will have no accomplices!" muttered Sewell; "no fellows to dictate the terms on which they will not betray me! If I cannot get this old man into my power by myself alone, I'll not do it by the help of another."

"I shall have to lock you in, sir," said the man apologetically, as he proceeded to open the door.

"I suppose you will let me out again," said Sewell, laughing.

"Certainly, sir. I'll return in half an hour."

"I think you'd better wait and see if five minutes will not suffice."

"Very well, sir. You'll knock whenever you wish me to open the door."

When Sewell entered the room, the stranger was seated at the window, with his back towards the door, and apparently so absorbed in his thoughts that he had not heard his approach. The noise of the door being slammed to and locked, however, aroused him, and he turned suddenly round, and almost as suddenly sprang to his feet.

"What! Sir Brook Fossbrooke!" cried Sewell, falling back towards the door.

"Your surprise is not greater than mine, sir, at this meeting. I have no need to be told, however, that you did not come here to see me."

"No; it was a mistake. The man brought me to the wrong room. My visit was intended for another," muttered Sewell, hastily.

"Pray, sir, be seated," said Fossbrooke,

presenting a chair. "Chance will occasionally do more for us than our best endeavours. Since I have arrived in Ireland I have made many attempts to meet you, but without success. Accident, however, has favoured me, and I rejoice to profit by my good luck."

"I have explained, Sir Brook, that I was on my way to see a gentleman to whom my visit is of great consequence. I hope you will allow me to take another opportunity of conferring with you."

"I think my condition as a prisoner ought to be the best answer to your request. No, sir. The few words we need say to each other must be said now. Sit there, if you please;" and as he placed a chair for Sewell towards the window, he took his own place with his back to the door.

"This is very like imprisonment," said Sewell, with an attempt at a laugh.

"Perhaps, sir, if each of us had his due, you have as good a right to be here as myself; but let us not lose time in an exchange of compliments. My visit to this country was made entirely on your account."

"On mine! how upon mine?"

"On yours, Colonel Sewell. You may remember at our last conversation—it was at the Chief Baron's country-house—you made me a promise with regard to Miss Lendrick"—

"I remember," broke in Sewell hastily, for he saw in the flush of the other's cheek how the difficulty of what he had to say was already giving him a most painful emotion. "You stipulated something about keeping my wife apart from that young lady. You expressed certain fears about contamination"—

"Oh, sir, you wrong me deeply," said the old man, with broken utterance.

"I'd be happy to think I had misunderstood you," said Sewell, still pursuing his advantage. "Of course, it was very painful to me at the time. My wife, too, felt it bitterly."

Fossbrooke started at this as if stung, and his brow darkened and his eyes flashed as he said, "Enough of this, sir. It is not the first time I have been calumniated in the same quarter. Let us talk of something else. You hold in your hand certain letters of Major Trafford—Lionel Trafford—and you make them the ground of a threat against him. Is it not so?"

"I declare, Sir Brook, the interest you take in what relates to my wife somewhat passes the bounds of delicacy."

"I know what you mean. I know the advantage you would take of me, and

which you took a while ago; but I will not suffer it. I want these letters — what's their price?"

"They are in the hands of my solicitors, Kane & Kincaid; and I think it very unlikely they will stay the proceedings they have taken on them by any demand of yours."

"I want them, and must have them."

Sewell shrugged his shoulders, and made a gesture to imply that he had already given him his answer.

"And what suit would you pretend — But why do I ask you? What is it to me by what schemes you prosecute your plans? Look here, sir; I was once on a time possessed of a document which would have subjected you to the fate of a felon; it was the forgery of my name" —

"My dear Sir Brook, if your memory were a little better you would remember that you had once to apologise for that charge, and avow it was totally unfounded."

"It is untrue, sir; and you know it is untrue. I declared I would produce a document before three or four of your brother officers, and it was stolen from me on the night before the meeting."

"I remember that explanation, and the painful impression your position excited at the time; but really I have no taste for going back over a long past period. I'm not old enough, I suppose, to care for these reminiscences. Will you allow me to take my leave of you?"

"No, sir; you shall hear me out. It may possibly be to your own advantage to bestow a little time upon me. You are fond of compromises — as you ought to be, for your life has been a series of them: now I have one to propose to you. Let Trafford have back his letters, and you shall hear of this charge no more."

"Really, sir, you must form a very low estimate of my intelligence, or you would not have made such a proposition; or probably," added he, with a sneer, "you have been led away by the eminence of the position you occupy at this moment to make this demand."

Fossbrooke started at the boldness of this speech, and looked about him, and probably remembered for the first time since the interview began that he was a prisoner. "A few days — a few hours, perhaps — will see me free," said the old man, haughtily. "I know too well the difficulties that surround men in times like these to be angry or impatient at a mistake whose worst consequences are a little inconvenience."

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"I own, sir, I was grieved to think you could have involved yourself in such a scheme."

"Nothing of the kind, sir; you were only grieved to think that there could be no solid foundation for the charge against me. It would be the best tidings you could hear to learn that I was to leave this for the dock, with the convict hulk in the distance; — but I forget I had promised myself not to discuss my own affairs with you. What say you to what I have proposed?"

"You have proposed nothing, Sir Brook — at least nothing serious, since I can scarcely regard as a proposition the offer not to renew a charge which broke down once before for want of evidence."

"What if I have that evidence? What if I am prepared to produce it? Ay, sir, you may look incredulous if you like. It is not to a man of *your* stamp I appeal to be believed on my word; but you shall see the document — you shall see it on the same day that a jury shall see it."

"I perceive, Sir Brook, that it is useless to prolong this conversation. Your old grudge against me is too much even for your good sense. Your dislike surmounts your reason. Yes, open the door at once. I am tired waiting for you," cried he, impatiently, as the turnkey's voice was heard without.

"Once more I make you this offer" said Fossbrooke, rising from his seat. "Think well ere you refuse it."

"You have no such document as you say."

"If I have not, the failure is mine."

The door was now open, and the turnkey standing at it.

"They will accept bail, won't they?" said Sewell, adroitly turning the conversation. "I think," continued he, "this matter can be easily arranged. I will go at once to the Head Office, and return here at once."

"We are agreed, then?" said Fossbrooke, in a low voice.

"Yes," said Sewell, hastily, as he passed out and left him.

The turnkey closed and locked the door, and overtook Sewell as he walked along the corridor. "They are taking information this moment, sir, about the prisoner. The informer is in the room."

"Who is he? What's his name?"

"O'Reardon, sir; a fellow of great cuteness. He's in the pay of the Castle these thirty years."

"Might I be present at the examination? Would you ask if I might hear the case?"

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The man assured him that this was impossible, and Sewell stood with his hand on the balustrade, deeply revolving what he had just heard.

"And is O'Reardon a prisoner here?"

"Not exactly, sir; but partly for his own safety, partly to be sure he's not tampered with, we often keep the men in confinement till a case is finished."

"How long will this morning's examination last? At what hour will it probably be over?"

"By four, sir, or half-past, they'll be coming out."

"I'll return by that time. I'd like to speak to him."

CHAPTER LIX.

A GRAND DINNER AT THE PRIORY.

THE examination was still proceeding, when Sewell returned at five o'clock; and although he waited above an hour in the hope of its being concluded, the case was still under consideration; and as the Chief Baron had a large dinner-party on that day, from which the Colonel could not absent himself, he was obliged to hasten back in all speed to dress.

"His lordship has sent three times to know if you had come in, sir," said his servant as he entered his room.

And while he was yet speaking came another messenger to say that the Chief Baron wanted to see the Colonel immediately. With a gesture of impatience Sewell put on again the coat he had just thrown off, and followed the man to the Chief's dressing-room.

"I have been expecting you since three o'clock, sir," said the old man, after motioning to his valet to leave the room.

"I feared I was late, my lord, and was going to dress when I got your message."

"But you have been away seven hours, sir."

The tone and manner of this speech, and the words themselves, calling him to account in a way a servant would scarcely have brooked, so overcame Sewell that only by an immense effort of self-control could he restrain his temper, and avoid bursting forth with the long-pent-up passion that was consuming him.

"I was detained, my lord — unavoidably detained," said he, with a voice thick and husky with anger. What added to his passion was the confusion he felt; for he had not determined, when he entered the room, whether to avow that the prisoner was

Fossbrooke or not, resolving to be guided by the Chief's manner and temper as to the line he should take. Now this outburst completely routed his judgment and left him uncertain and vacillating.

"And now, sir, for your report," said the old man, seating himself and folding his arms on his chest.

"I have little to report, my lord. They affect a degree of mystery about this person, both at the Head Office and at the Gaol, which is perfectly absurd; and will neither give his name nor his belongings. The pretence is, of course, to enable them to ensnare others with whom he is in correspondence. I believe, however, the truth to be, he is a very vulgar criminal, — a gauger, it is said, from Loughrea, and no such prize as the Castle people fancied. His passion for notoriety, it seems, has involved him in scores of things of this kind; and his ambition is always to be his own lawyer and defend himself."

"Enough, sir; a gauger and self-confident prating rascal combine the two things which I most heartily detest. Pemberton may take his will of him for me; he may make him illustrate every blunder of his bad law, and I'll not say him nay. You will take Lady Ecclesfield in to dinner to-day, and place her opposite me at table. Your wife speaks French well — let her sit next Count de Lanoy, but give her arm to the Bishop of Down. Let us have no politics over our wine; I cannot trust myself with the law officers before me, and at my own table they must not be sacrificed."

"Is Pemberton coming, my lord?"

"He is, sir — he is coming on a tour of inspection — he wants to see from my dietary how soon he may calculate on my demise; and the Attorney-General will be here on the like errand. My hearse, sir, it is, that stops the way, and I have not ordered it up yet. Can you tell me is Lady Lendrick coming to dinner, for she has not favoured me with a reply to my invitation?"

"I am unable to say, my lord; I have not seen her; she has, however, been slightly indisposed of late."

"I am distressed to hear it. At all events I have kept her place for her, as well as one for Mr. Balfour, who is expected from England to-day. If Lady Lendrick should come, Lord Kilgobbin will take her in."

"I think I hear an arrival. I'd better finish my dressing. I scarcely thought it was so late."

"Take care that the topic of India be

avoided, or we shall have Colonel Kimberley and his tiger stories."

"I'll look to it," said Sewell, moving towards the door.

"You have given orders about decanting the champagne?"

"About everything, my lord. There comes another carriage. I must make haste;" and so saying, he fled from the room before the Chief could add another question.

Sewell had but little time to think over the step he had just taken, but in that little time he satisfied himself that he had acted wisely. It was a rare thing for the Chief to return to any theme he had once dismissed. Indeed, it would have implied a doubt of his former judgment, which was the very last thing that could occur to him.

"My decisions are not reversed," was his favourite expression; so that nothing was less probable than that he would again revert to the prisoner or his case. As for Fossbrooke himself and how to deal with him, that was a weightier question, and demanded more thought than he could now give it.

As he descended to the drawing-room the last of the company had just entered, and dinner was announced. Lady Lendrick and Mr. Balfour were both absent. It was a grand dinner on that day, in the fullest sense of that formidable expression. It was very tedious, very splendid, very costly, and intolerably wearisome and stupid. The guests were overlaid by the endless round of dishes and the variety of wines; and such as had not sunk into a drowsy repletion occupied themselves in criticising the taste of a banquet which was, after all, a travesty of a foreign dinner without that perfection of cookery and graceful lightness in the detail which gives all the elegance and charm to such entertainments. The more fastidious part of the company saw all the defects; the homelier ones regretted the absence of meats that they knew, and wines they were accustomed to. None were pleased — none at their ease but the host himself. As for him, seated in the centre of the table, overshadowed almost by a towering epergne, he felt like a king on his throne. All around him breathed that air of newness that smacked of youth; and the table spread with flowers, and an ornamental dessert, seemed to emblemise that modern civilization which had enabled himself to throw off the old man and come out into the world fresh, curled, and carmined, be-wigged and be-waistcoated.

"Eighty-seven! my father and he were

contemporaries," said Lord Kilgobbin, as they assembled in the drawing-room; "a wonderful man — a really wonderful man for his age."

The Bishop muttered something in concurrence, only adding, "Providence" to the clause; while Pemberton whispered the Attorney-General that it was the most painful attack of acute youth he had ever witnessed. As for Colonel Kimberley, he thought nothing of the Chief's age, for he had shot a brown bear up at Rhumnuggher "the natives knew to be upwards of two hundred years old, some said three hundred."

As they took their coffee in groups or knots, Sewell drew his arm within Pemberton's, and led him through the open sash-door into the garden. "I know you want a cigar," said he, "and so do I. Let us take a turn here and enjoy ourselves. What a bore is a big dinner! I'd as soon assemble all my duns as I'd get together all the dreary people of my acquaintance. It's a great mistake — don't you think so?" said Sewell, who, for the first time in his life, accosted Pemberton in this tone of easy familiarity.

"I fancy, however, the Chief likes it," said the other, cautiously; "he was particularly lively and witty to-day."

"These displays cost him dearly. You should see him after the thing was over. With the paint washed off, palpitating on a sofa steeped with sulphuric ether, and stimulated with ammonia, one wouldn't say he'd get through the night."

"What a constitution he must have!"

"It's not that; at least, that's not the way I read him. My theory is, it's his temper — that violent, irascible, fervid temper — burning like a red-hot coal within him, sustains the heat that gives life and vigour to his nature. If he has a good-humoured day — it's not a very frequent occurrence, but it happens now and then — he grows ten years older. I made that discovery lately. It seems as though if he couldn't spite the world, he'd have no objection to taking leave of it."

"That sounds rather severe," said Pemberton, cautiously; for though he liked the tone of the other's conversation, he was not exactly sure it was quite safe to show his concurrence.

"It's the fact, however, severe or not. There's nothing in our relations to each other that should prevent my speaking my mind about him. My mother had the bad luck to marry him, and being gifted with a temper not very unlike his own, they discovered

the singular fact that two people who resemble each other can become perfectly incompatible. I used to think that she couldn't be matched. I recant, however, and acknowledge candidly he could 'give her a distance.'

Pemberton gave a little laugh, as it were of encouragement to go on, and the other proceeded.

"My wife understands him best of all. She gives way in everything, all he says is right, all he opines is wisdom, and it's astonishing how this yielding, compliant, submissive spirit breaks him down; he pines under it, just as a man accustomed to sharp exercise would waste and decay by a life of confinement. I declare there was one week here we had got him to a degree of gentleness that was quite edifying, but my mother came and paid a visit when we were out, and when we returned there he was! violent, flaring, and vigorous as ever, wild with vanity, and mad to match himself with the first men of the day."

While Sewell talked in this open and indiscreet way of the old Judge, his meaning was to show with what perfect confidence he treated his companion, and at the same time how fair and natural it would be to expect frankness in return. The crafty lawyer, however, trained in the school where all these feints and false parries are the commonest tricks of fence, never ventured beyond an expression of well-got-up astonishment, or a laugh of enjoyment at some of Sewell's smartnesses.

"You want a light?" said Sewell, seeing that the other held his cigar still unlit in his fingers.

"Thanks. I was forgetting it. The fact is, you kept me so much amused, I never thought of smoking; nor am I much of a smoker at any time."

"It's the vice of the idle man, and you are not in that category. By the way, what a busy time you must have of it now, with all these commitments?"

"Not so much as one might think. The cases are numerous, but they are all the same. Indeed, the informants are identical in nearly every instance. Tim Branegan had two numbers of the 'Green Flag' newspaper, some loose powder in his waistcoat-pocket, and an American drill-book in the crown of his hat."

"And is that treason-felony?"

"With a little filling up it becomes so. In the rank of life these men belong to, it's as easy to find a rebel as it would be in Africa to discover a man with a woolly head."

"And this present movement is entirely limited to that class?" said Sewell, carelessly.

"So we thought till a couple of days ago, but we have now arrested one whose condition is that of a gentleman."

"With anything like strong evidence against him?"

"I have not seen the informations myself, but Burrowes, who has read them, calls them highly important; not alone as regards the prisoner, but a number of people whose loyalty was never so much as suspected. Now the Viceroy is away, the Chief Secretary on the Continent, and even Balfour, who can always find out what the Cabinet wishes — Balfour absent, we are actually puzzled whether the publicity attending the prosecution of such a man would not serve rather than damage the rebel cause, displaying as it would that there is a sympathy for this movement in a quarter far removed from the peasant."

"Isn't it strange that the Chief Baron should have, the other evening in the course of talk, hit upon such a possibility as this, and said, 'I wonder would the Castle lawyers be crafty enough to see that such a case should not be brought to trial? One man of education, and whose motives might be ascribed to an exalted, however misdirected, patriotism,' said he, 'would lift this rabble out of the slough of their vulgar movement and give it the character of a national rising.'"

"But what would he do? did he say how he would act?"

"He said something about 'bail,' and he used a word I wasn't familiar with — like estreating: is there such a word?"

"Yes, yes, there is; but I don't see how it's to be done. Would it be possible to have a talk with him on the matter, informally of course?"

"That would betray me, and he would never forgive my having told you his opinion already," said Sewell. "No, that is out of the question; but if you would confide to me the points you want his judgment on, I'd manage to obtain it."

Pemberton seemed to reflect over this, and walked along some paces in silence.

"He mentioned a curious thing," said Sewell, laughingly; "he said that in Emmett's affair there were three or four men compromised, whom the Government were very unwilling to bring to trial, and that they actually provided the bail for them — secretly, of course — and indemnified the men for their losses on the forfeiture."

"It couldn't be done now," said Pemberton.

"That's what the Chief said. They couldn't do it now, for they have not got McNally — whoever McNally was."

Pemberton coloured crimson, for McNally was the name of the Solicitor-General of that day, and he knew well that the sarcasm was in the comparison between that clever lawyer and himself.

"What I meant was, that Crown lawyers have a very different public to account to in the present day from what they had in those lawless times," said Pemberton, with irritation. "I'm afraid the Chief Baron, with all his learning and all his wit, likes to go back to that period for every one of his illustrations. You heard how he capped the Archbishop's allusion to the Prodigal Son to-day? — I don't think his Grace liked it — that it requires more tact to provide an escape for a criminal than to prosecute a guilty man to conviction."

"That's so like him!" said Sewell, with a bitter laugh. "Perhaps the great charm that attaches him to public life is to be able to utter his flippant inpertinences *ex cathedra*. If you could hit upon some position from which he could fulminate his bolts of sarcasm with effect, I fancy he'd not object to resign the Bench. I heard him once say, 'I cannot go to church without a transgression, for I envy the preacher, who has the congregation at his mercy for an hour.'"

"Ah, he'll not resign," sighed Pemberton, deeply.

"I don't know that."

"At least he'll not do so on any terms they'll make with him."

"Nor am I so sure of that," repeated the other, gravely. Sewell waited for some rejoinder to this speech, of which he hoped his companion would ask the explanation, but the cautious lawyer said not a word.

"No man with a sensitive, irascible, and vain disposition is to be turned from his course, whatever it be, by menace or bully," said Sewell. "The weak side of these people is their vanity, and to approach them by that you ought to know and to cultivate those who are about them. Now, I have no hesitation in saying there were moments — ay, there were hours — in which, if it had been any interest to me, I could have got him to resign. He is eminently a man of his word, and once pledged nothing would make him retire from his promise."

"I declare, after all," said Pemberton, "if he feels equal to the hard work of the Court, and likes it, I don't see why all this pressure should be put upon him. Do you?"

"I am the last man probably to see it," said Sewell, with an easy laugh. "His abdication would, of course, not suit me. I suppose we'd better stroll back into the house — they'll miss us." There was an evident coldness in the way these last words were spoken, and Sewell meant that the lawyer should see his irritation.

"Have you ever said anything to Balfour about what we have been talking of?" said Pemberton, as they moved towards the house.

"I may or I may not. I talk pretty freely on all sorts of things, and unfortunately with an incaution, too, that is not always profitable."

"Because, if you were to show him as clearly as a while ago you showed me, the mode in which this matter might be negotiated, I have little doubt — that is, I have reason to suppose — or I might go farther and say that I know" —

"I'll tell you what I know, Mr. Solicitor, that I wouldn't give that end of a cigar," and he pitched it from him as he spoke, "to decide the question either way." And with this they passed on and mingled with the company in the drawing-room. "I have hooked you at last, my shrewd friend; and if I know anything of mankind," I'll see you, or hear from you, before twelve hours are over."

"Where have you been, Colonel, with my friend the Solicitor-General?" said the Chief Baron.

"Cabinet-making, my lord," said Sewell, laughingly.

"Take care, sir," said the Chief, sternly — "take care of that pastime. It has led more than one man to become a Joiner and a Turner!" and a buzz went through the room as men repeated this *mot*, and people asked each other, "Is this the man we are calling on to retire as worn-out, effete, and exhausted?"

CHAPTER LX. — CHIEF SECRETARY BALFOUR.

MR. BALFOUR returned to Ireland a greater man than he left it. He had been advanced to the post of Chief Secretary, and had taken his seat in the House as member for Muddleport. Political life was therefore dawning very graciously upon him, and his ambition was budding with every prospect of success.

The Secretary's lodge in the Phoenix Park is somewhat of a pretty residence, and with its gardens, its shrubberies, and conserva-

tory, seen on a summer's day when broad cloud-shadows lie sleeping on the Dublin mountains, and the fragrant white thorn scents the air, must certainly be a pleasant change from the din, the crush, and the turmoil of "town" at the fag end of a season. English officials call it damp. Indeed they have a trick of ascribing this quality to all things Irish; and national energy, national common sense, and national loyalty seem to them to be ever in a diluted form. Even our drollery is not as dry as our neighbours.

In this official residence Mr. Balfour was now installed, and while Fortune seemed to shower her favours so lavishly upon him, the *quid amaram* was still there, — his tenure was insecure. The party to which he belonged had contrived to offend some of its followers and alienate others, and, without adopting any such decided line as might imply a change of policy, had excited a general sense of distrust in those who had once followed it implicitly. In the emergencies of party life, the manœuvre known to soldiers as a "change of front" is often required. The present Cabinet were in this position. They had been for some sessions trading on their Protestantism. They had been Churchmen "*pur sang*." Their bishops, their deans, their colonial appointments, had all been of that orthodox kind that defied slander; and as it is said that a man with a broad-brimmed hat and drab gaiters may indulge unsuspected in vices which in a more smartly got-up neighbour would bring down reprobation upon his head for practising, so may a ministry under the shadow of Exeter Hall do a variety of things denied to less sacred individuals. "The Protestant ticket" had carried them safely over two sessions, but there came now a hitch in which they needed that strange section called "the Irish party," a sort of political flying column, sufficiently uncertain always to need watching, and if not very compact or highly disciplined, rash and bold enough to be very damaging in moments of difficulty. Now, as Under-Secretary, Balfour had snubbed this party repeatedly. They had been passed over in promotion, and their claims to advancement coldly received. The amenities of the Castle — that social Paradise of all Irish men and women — had been denied them. For them were no dinners, — no mornings at the Lodge, and great were the murmurs of discontent thereat. A change, however, had come; an English defection had rendered Irish support of consequence, and Balfour was sent over to, what in the slang of party is called conciliate, but which, in less euphuistic phrase, might be

termed to employ a system of general and outrageous corruption.

Some averred that the Viceroy, indignantly refusing to be a party to this policy, feigned illness and stayed away; others declared that his resignation had been tendered and accepted, but that measures of state required secrecy on the subject; while a third section of guessers suggested that when the coarse work of corruption had been accomplished by the Secretary, his Excellency would arrive to crown the edifice.

At all events the Ministry stood in need of these "free lances," and Cholmondeley Balfour was sent over to secure them. Before all governmental changes there is a sort of "groundswell" amongst the knowing men of party that presages the storm; and so, now, scarcely had Balfour reached the Lodge than a rumour ran that some new turn of policy was about to be tried, and that what is called the "Irish difficulty" was going to be discounted into the English necessity.

The first arrival at the Lodge was Pemberton. He had just been defeated at his election for Mallow, and ascribed his failure to the lukewarmness of the Government, and the indifference with which they had treated his demands for some small patronage for his supporters. Nor was it mere indifference — there was actual reason to believe that favour was shown to his opponent, and that Mr. Heffernan, the Catholic barrister of extreme views, had met the support of more than one of those known to be under Government influence. There was a story of a letter from the Irish Office to Father O'Hea, the parish priest. Some averred they had read it, declaring that the Cabinet only desired to know "the real sentiments of Ireland, what Irishmen actually wished and wanted," to meet them. Now, when a Government official writes to a priest, his party is always in *extremis*.

Pemberton reached the Lodge feverish, irritated, and uneasy. He had, not very willingly, surrendered a great practice at the bar to enter life as a politician, and now what if the reward of his services should turn out to be treachery and betrayal? Over and over again had he been told he was to have the bench; but the Chief Baron would neither die nor retire, nor was there any vacancy amongst the other courts. Nor had he done very well in Parliament; he was hasty and irritable in reply, too discursive in statement, and, worse than these, not plodding enough nor sufficiently given to repetition to please the House; for the

"assembled wisdom" is fond of its ease, and very often listens with a drowsy consciousness that if it did not catch what the orator said aright, it was sure to hear him say it again later on. He had made no "hit" with the House, and he was not patient enough nor young enough to toil quietly on to gain that estimation which he had hoped to snatch at starting.

Besides all these grounds of discontent, he was vexed at the careless way in which his party defended him against the attacks of the Opposition. Nothing probably teaches a man his value to his own set so thoroughly as this test; and he who is ill defended in his absence generally knows that he may retire without cause of regret. He came out, therefore, that morning to see Balfour, and, as the phrase is, "have it out with him." Balfour's instructions from the "other side," as Irishmen playfully denominate England, were to get rid of Pemberton as soon as possible, — but, at the same time, with all the caution required not to convert an old adherent into an enemy.

Balfour was at breakfast, with an Italian greyhound on a chair beside him, and a Maltese terrier seated on the table, when Pemberton was announced. He lounged over his meal, alternating tea with the 'Times,' and now and then reading scraps of the letters which lay in heaps around him.

After inviting his guest to partake of something, and hearing that he had already breakfasted three hours before, Balfour began to give him all the political gossip of town. This for the most part, related to changes and promotions — how Griffith was to go to Colonial, and Haughton to the Foreign Office; that Forbes was to have the Bath, and make way for Betmore, who was to be Under-Secretary. "Chadwick, you see, gets nothing. He asked for a commissionership, and we offered him the governorship of Bermuda; hence has he gone down below the gangway, and sits on the seat of the scornful."

"Your majority was smaller than I looked for on Tuesday night. Couldn't you have made a stronger muster?" said Pemberton.

"I don't know: twenty-eight is not bad. There are so many of our people in abeyance. There are five fighting petitions against their return, and as many more seeking re-election, and a few more, like yourself, Pem, 'out in the cold.'"

"For which gracious situation I have to thank my friends."

"Indeed! how is that?"

"It is somewhat cool to ask me. Have you not seen the papers lately? have you not

read the letter that Sir Gray Chadwell addressed to Father O'Hea of Mallow?"

"Of course I have read it — an admirable letter, — a capital letter. I don't know where the case of Ireland has been treated with such masterly knowledge and discrimination."

"And why have my instructions been always in an opposite sense? Why have I been given to believe that the Ministry distrusted that party and feared their bad faith?"

"Have you seen Grünzenhoff's account of the battle of Leipsic?"

"No; nor have I the slightest curiosity to hear how it applies to what we are talking of."

"But it does apply. It's the very neatest apropos I could cite to you. There was a moment, he says, in that history, when Schwarzenberg was about to outflank the Saxons, and open a terrific fire of artillery upon them; and either they saw what fate impended over them, or that the hour they wished for had come, but they all deserted the ranks of the French and went over to the Allies."

"And you fancy that the Catholics are going to side with you?" said Pemberton, with a sneer.

"It suits both parties to believe it, Pem."

"The credulity will be all your own, Mr. Balfour. I know my countrymen better than you do."

"That's exactly what they won't credit at Downing Street, Pem; and I assure you that my heart is broken defending you in the House. They are continually asking about what happened at such an assize, and why the Crown was not better prepared in such a prosecution; and though I *am* accounted a ready fellow in reply, it becomes a bore at last. I am sorry to say it, Pem, but it is a bore."

"I am glad, Mr. Balfour, exceedingly glad, you should put the issue between us so clearly; though I own to you that coming here this morning as the plaintiff, it is not without surprise I find myself on my defence."

"What's this, Banks?" asked Balfour, hastily, as his private secretary entered with a despatch.

"From Crew, sir; it must be his Excellency sends it."

Balfour broke it open and exclaimed, "In cipher, too! Go and have it transcribed at once; you have the key here."

"Yes, sir; I am familiar with the character, too, and can do it quickly." Thus saying, he left the room.

While this brief dialogue was taking place, Pemberton walked up and down the room, pale and agitated in features, but with a compressed lip and bent brow, like one nerving himself for coming conflict.

"I hope we're not out," said Balfour, with a laugh of assumed indifference. "He rarely employs a cipher; and it must be something of moment, or he would not do so now."

"It is a matter of perfect indifference to me," said Pemberton. "Treated as I have been, I could scarcely say I should regret it."

"By Jove! the ship must be in a bad way when the officers are taking to the boats," said Balfour. "Why, Pem, you don't really believe we are going to found-er?"

"I told you, sir," said he, haughtily, "that it was a matter of the most perfect indifference to me whether you should sink or swim."

"You are one of the crew, I hope, an't you?"

Pemberton made no reply, and the other went on—"To be sure, it may be said that an able seaman never has long to look for a ship; and in these political disasters, it's only the captains that are really wrecked."

"One thing is certainly clear," said Pemberton, with energy, "you have not much confidence in the craft you sail in."

"Who has, Pem? Show me the man that has, and I'll show you a consummate ass. Parliamentary life is a roadstead with shifting sands, and there's no going a step without the lead-line; and that's one reason why the nation never likes to see one of your countrymen as the pilot—you won't take soundings."

"There are other reasons too," said Pemberton, sternly, "but I have not come here to discuss this subject. I want to know, once for all, is it the wish of your party that I should be in the House?"

"Of course it is; how can you doubt it?"

"That being the case, what steps have you taken, or what steps can you take, to secure me a seat?"

"Why, Pem, don't you know enough of public life to know that when a minister makes an attorney-general, it is tacitly understood that the man can secure his return to Parliament? When I order out a chaise and pair, I don't expect the inn-keeper to tell me I must buy breeches and boots for the postillion."

"You deluge me with figures, Mr. Balfour, but they only confuse me. I am neither a sailor nor a post-boy; but I see Mr.

Banks wishes to confer with you—I will retire."

"Take a turn in the garden, Pem, and I will be with you in a moment. Are you a smoker?"

"Not in the morning," said the other, stiffly, and withdrew.

"Mr. Heffernan is here, sir; will you see him?" asked the secretary.

"Let him wait: whenever I ring the bell, you can come and announce him. I will give my answer then. What of the despatch?"

"It is nearly all copied out, sir. It was longer than I thought."

"Let me see it now; I will read it at once."

The secretary left the room, and soon returned with several sheets of note-paper in his hand.

"Not all that, Banks?"

"Yes, sir. It was two hundred and eighty-eight signs—as long as the Queen's Speech. It seems very important too."

"Read," said Balfour, lighting his cigar.

"To Chief Secretary Balfour, Castle, Dublin.—What are your people about? What new stupidity is this they have just accomplished? Are there law advisers at the Castle, or are the cases for prosecution submitted to the members of the police force? Are you aware, or is it from me you are to learn, that there is now in the Richmond Gaol, under accusation of "Celtism," a gentleman of a loyalty the equal of my own? Some blunder, if not some private personal malignity, procured his arrest, which, out of regard for me as an old personal friend, he neither resisted nor disputed, withholding his name to avoid the publicity which could only have damaged the Government. I am too ill to leave my room, or would go over at once to rectify this gross and most painful blunder. If Pemberton is too fine a gentleman for his office, where was Hacket, or, if not Hacket, Burrows? Should this case get abroad and reach the Opposition, there will be a storm in the House you will scarce like to face. Take measures—immediate measures—for his release, by bail or otherwise, remembering, above all, to observe secrecy. I will send you by post to-night the letter in which F. communicates to me the story of his capture and imprisonment. Had the mischance befallen any other than a true gentleman and an old friend, it would have cost us dearly. Nothing equally painful has occurred to me in my whole official life."

"Let the case be a warning to you in more ways than one. Your system of private information is degenerating into private persecution, and would at last establish a state of things perfectly intolerable. Beg F., as a great favour to me, to come over and see me here, and repeat that I am too ill to travel, or would not have delayed an hour in going to him."

There are few men, if there be one, who would in such a predicament have postponed all consideration of self to thoughts about his friends and their interests, and in all this we have had better luck than we deserved.

" 'WILMINGTON.' "

"Go over it again," said Balfour, as he lit a cigar, and, placing a chair for his legs, gave himself up to a patient rehearing of the despatch. "I wonder who F. can be that he is so anxious about. It is a confounded mess, there's no doubt of it; and if the papers get hold of it we're done for. Beg Pemberton to come here, and leave us to talk together."

"Read that, Pem," said Balfour, as he smoked on, now and then puffing a whiff of tobacco at his terrier's face — "read that, and tell me what you say to it."

Though the lawyer made a great effort to seem calm and self-possessed, Balfour could see that the hand that held the paper shook as he read it. As he finished he laid the document on the table without uttering a word.

"Well?" said Balfour interrogatively — "well?"

"I take it, if it be all as his Excellency says, that this is not the first case in which an innocent man has been sent to gaol. Such things occur now and then in the model England, and I have never heard that they formed matter to impeach a ministry."

"You heard of this committal, then?"

"No, not till now."

"Not till now?"

"Not till now. His Excellency, and indeed yourself, Mr. Balfour, seem to fall into the delusion that a Solicitor-General is a detective officer. Now, he is not, — nor any more is he a police magistrate. This arrest, I suppose — I know nothing about it, but I suppose — was made on certain sworn information. The law took its ordinary course; and the man who would neither tell his name nor give the clue to any one who would answer for him went to prison. It is unfortunate, certainly; but they who made this statute forgot to insert a clause that none of the enumerated penalties should apply to any one who knew or had acquaintance with the Viceroy for the time being."

"Yes, as you remark, that was a stupid omission; and now, what's to be done here?"

"I opine his Excellency gives you ample instructions. You are to repair to the Gaol, make your apologies to F. — whoever F. may be — induce him to let himself

be bailed, and persuade him to go over and pass a fortnight at Crew Keep. Pray tell him, however, before he goes, that his being in prison was not in any way owing to the Solicitor-General's being a fine gentleman."

"I'll send for the informations," said Balfour, and rang his bell. "Mr. Heffernan, sir, by appointment," said the private secretary, entering with a card in his hand.

"Oh, I had forgotten. It completely escaped me," said Balfour, with a pretended confusion. "Will you once more take a turn in the garden, Pem? — five minutes will do all I want."

"If my retirement is to facilitate Mr. Heffernan's advance, it would be ungracious to defer it; but give me till to-morrow to think of it."

"I only spoke of going into the garden, my dear Pem."

"I will do more — I will take my leave. Indeed, I have important business in the Rolls Court."

"I shall want to see you about this business," said the other, touching the despatch.

"I'll look in on you about five at the office, and by that time you will have seen Mr. F."

"Mr. Heffernan could not wait, sir — he has to open a Record case in the Queen's Bench," said the secretary, entering, "but he says he will write to you this evening."

"The Solicitor-General grinned. He fancied that the whole incident had been a most unfortunate *mal-apropos*, and that Balfour was sinking under shame and confusion.

"How I wish Baron Lendrick could be induced to retire!" said Balfour; "it would save us a world of trouble."

"The matter has little interest for me personally."

"Little interest for you? — how so?"

"I mean what I say; but I mean also not to be questioned upon the matter," said he, proudly. "If, however, you are so very eager about it, there is a way I believe it might be done."

"How is that?"

"I had a talk, a half-confidential talk, last night with Sewell on the subject, and he distinctly gave me to understand it could be negotiated through him."

"And you believed him?"

"Yes, I believed him. It was the sort of tortuous, crooked transaction such a man might well move in. Had he told me of something very fine, very generous, or self-devoting he was about to do, I'd have hesitated to accord him my trustfulness."

"What it is to be a lawyer!" said Balfour, with affected horror.

"What must it be if a Secretary of State recoils from his perfidy! Oh, Mr. Balfour, for the short time our official connection may last let us play fair. I am not so cold-blooded, nor are you as crafty, as you imagine. We are both of us better than we seem."

"Will you dine here to-day, Pem?"

"Thanks, no; I am engaged."

"To-morrow, then? — I'll have Branley and Keppel to meet you."

"I always get out of town on Saturday night. Pray excuse me."

"No tempting you, eh?"

"Not in that way, certainly. Good-bye till five o'clock."

THE State Library of Tennessee has recently become possessed of some curious relics of a pigmy race. In recent explorations for oil, conducted by General Milroy, several remarkable graves were disclosed by the washing of a small creek in its passage through a low bottom. The graves were about eighteen inches in length, and were formed by an excavation about fifteen inches beneath the surface, in which were placed four undressed slabs of stone: one on the bottom of the pit, one on each side, and one on the top — similar to the ancient rock graves discovered in the Scottish barrows. Human skeletons, some with nearly an entire skull, and many with well-defined bones, were found in them. The teeth were very diminutive, but evidently those of an adult. Earthen crocks were lying with the skeletons. General Milroy could find nothing respecting these Liliputian graves in conversation with the people in the vicinity, except that there were a large number of similar graves near Statesville, in the same county, and also at the mouth of Stone's River, near the city of Nashville. Some thirty-two years since, a partial exploration was made, but the interest taken in such matters then was small to what it is in these days of Ethnological inquiry.

SPEAKING of Abraham Lincoln's oration at the consecration of the burial ground of Gettysburg, the Westminster Review says: "It has but one equal: in that pronounced upon those who fell during the first year of the Peloponnesian war, and in one respect it is superior to that great speech. It is not only more natural, fuller of feeling, more touching and pathetic, but we know with absolute certainty that it was really delivered. Nature here fairly takes precedence of art, even though it be the art of Thucydides."

"THE Exiles' Library" is the title given to a curious collection of works — some very violent (politically violent), others profane, and a few very immoral, but all with evidences of genius — which has appeared openly in Brussels and covertly in Paris. The brilliant poesies and essays of poor Alfred de Musset, and the daring verses of mad Baudelaire, besides epigrammatic flings and merry conceits from the pen of Victor Hugo, are in the collection. The editors scorn official sanction, and make bold to say that they prefer starvation, and the right of free expression in a foreign city, to affluence and the other rewards of obedience to Government at home. A very few copies of some of the works have appeared here; but the extreme freedom of thought and speech which the "exiles" have allowed themselves will always render their works more fit for the top than the bottom shelves of libraries in this country.

A NEW musical instrument of striking power and sweetness, and at the same time extremely simple, has been recently exhibited at Paris, where it called forth great admiration. It resembles a piano with upright strings, except that the latter are replaced by tuning-forks, which, to strengthen the sound, are arranged between two small tubes, one above and the other below them. The tuning-forks are sounded by hammers, and are brought to silence at the proper time by means of dampers. The sounds thus produced, which resemble those of the harmonium, without being quite so soft, are extremely pure and penetrating. They are very persistent, yet instantly arrested by the use of the dampers.

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From the Spectator, 18th August.

GERMANY IN BIRTH-PANGS.

EVERYTHING goes well with the German Monarchy except the mind of its monarch. The reconciliation between the Crown and people, though not so perfect as some observers believe,—witness the election of Herr von Forkenbach to the Speakership,—is complete enough to enable the Administration and the Parliament to work together in harmony. The immense success of the war has dazzled the masses, and the King and his Premier have both taken a wise advantage of the change in the popular mind. The King, who, as he once remarked, “never was a Junker,” his rôle on earth being monarchical, and not aristocratic, was prevailed on in spite of much dissuasion to concede the control of the budget to the Chamber, and thus break the strongest lever of the Liberal party. That party came out of the elections apparently still triumphant, but with greatly modified views. It was clear from the first that it had lost all chance of resisting the re-organization of the army. No class would consent to break the weapon with which Prussia had gained so much, and it soon became evident also that the budget once conceded the moderate Liberals would not stint supplies. The advanced party, though it had elected its Speaker, ceased to be sure of a majority, and its strength was still further diminished by an event the consequences of which have hardly begun to be understood. Count von Bismark broke with the “aristocratic party.” That detestable faction, which is to a Conservative party what an Ultramontane is to a Catholic, perceived, with the sure instinct of selfishness, that in the Premier’s policy lay the seeds of destruction for them. They did not even want Austria to be driven out of Germany, for Austria was their *beau idéal*, while they rallied to a man round those outworks of aristocracy, the throne of the minor Princes. They could not endure “French” statesmanship, which, as they said, on pretence of uniting Germany levelled it like a green, and as they felt that the Premier had emancipated himself from their prejudices they furiously assailed him. Count von Bismark, a born fighter, caused it to be made known that he had broken with his old friends, conciliated the Crown Prince, and pressed on the King the immense additional power he would derive from popular support. This great change affected the Chamber, which would infinitely rather be governed by the King on a

liberal basis than govern for itself, which has in fact no man in its ranks competent to vie with Count Bismark, and the drafts of all the addresses were made conciliatory to submissiveness. The Conservatives of course openly praise the King for his breach of the Constitution, or, as they phrase it, for “the wise foresight by which your Majesty, in the strength of your royal office, prepared the people of Prussia for so mighty a development of power,” pledge themselves to grant any means demanded “for the completion of the work so gloriously begun,” and carefully omit all reference to annexations. This was to be expected, but the draft proposed by the Centre or von Vincke’s party goes very nearly as far. “The Prussian people in arms,” it says, “prepared in good time for a stronger development of force by your Majesty’s wise foresight, have again fettered victory to the banners of the great Elector,” and pledged themselves, “now that your Majesty has acknowledged that the budget only obtains its legal basis through a law to be yearly agreed upon between the Government and the Diet,” to vote any moneys required. Save in that reservation, and in a mild hint that the unity of Germany should be “as close as possible,” von Vincke is as royalist as the Conservatives, and these two parties together have, with the Catholic vote, a majority in the House, even if the Liberals, who have split off from the Progressives, under the leadership of Herr Gneist, do not vote with them. This, however, is doubtful, for Herr Gneist’s address promises all supplies, and only trusts that “for the future the timely settlement of the budget law before the commencement of the financial year will avert the danger of a conflict, and that with the cause the effect will also cease.” This draft does, however, remind the King that the only contest has been upon the extension of the military estimates, “a difference still existing,” and declares distinctly for unity, and that development of Liberal institutions which followed 1815. Herr Waldeck is said to adhere to this programme, and finally, Herr Twesten, most faithful of the opponents of the Court, distinctly admits that the war has ended the conflict about the army, and distinctly promises any supplies on the condition, we believe, already conceded. “The representatives will readily grant indemnity for the past, and will with equal readiness afford the necessary means for securing the results of the war, and for payments of the supplies in kind, if they may only hope that in future the law of the country will be

recognized as it has hitherto been interpreted, not only by the Chamber of Deputies but also since the existence of the Constitution, by the great majority of the people, and up to 1862 by the King's Government itself, that the necessary budget law shall be regularly agreed upon before the commencement of the financial year, and that in especial no fresh outlay shall again be made by the Government which has been refused by one of the Chambers of the Diet." Herr Twesten, however, declares emphatically for annexations leading to the ultimate unity of the "whole German Fatherland," which in his view includes Vienna.

The Parliamentary difficulty, it is clear, is for the present removed from the Premier's path, and another is fast disappearing. Of all the fortunate accidents which have marked the development of Count von Bismark's policy, none has been so fortunate as the time selected by the Emperor of the French to demand compensation. Germany was still seething with emotion, burning with pride, or fractious under defeat, the Liberals were just raising their heads, the Free Cities beginning to talk of oppression, the petty capitals to groan over the coming fall in their rents and dignity, the South to doubt whether after all it would risk its soul in a heretical Fatherland, the Junkers to clamour against leveling, when it was announced from Paris that Napoleon had intervened. He had demanded, said papers as much under his own control as if he wrote their leaders, the "frontiers of 1814." The meaning of the extraordinary intrigue which terminated on Wednesday in an assurance that the Emperor was always friendly to Prussia, is as yet unexplained, will probably remain obscure until we receive, fifty years hence, the *Secret Memoirs of Napoleon III.* It appears, in spite of official denials, clear that the Emperor of the French did make an informal but plain-spoken demand for the erasure of 1815, by the restoration of the frontier fixed in the preceding year, and that the Prussian Court refused the demand in respectful but unmistakable terms; but why the demand was made before the excitement had in any degree subsided, how much it included, whether the main clause, for the benefit of the Imperial Prince rather than his father, has not been granted — a strange story current in Berlin — whether Napoleon originally meant war, and whether he has even now retired, or has received assurances for the future, must remain more or less subject to conjecture.

What is certain is the effect produced in Germany, where the demand dashed the hopes of the Princes, whose best chance was to show that they were not in the way of national security, furnished the fusionists with a new and unanswerable argument, and intensified throughout the South the demand that the remaining Courts should merge themselves in Germany. How is Bavaria to protect herself against France, or Hesse, or any other State? Only united Germany is safe, and so Wurtemberg publicists openly demand that a selfish resistance shall cease, and Bavarians ask eagerly when their King will perceive the true situation, and submit his whims to the national interest. We have explained elsewhere the precise relation of the Treaties of 1814 to modern geography, but the Germans scrutinized the demand after a rougher fashion, and considered it equivalent to a request for the Rhine. Had the King of Prussia yielded even in appearance, had he negotiated or hesitated, half the work of Sadowa would have been undone, for the price to be paid for unity, the reward in the increased personal dignity which springs of the dignity of one's State, to which the Hanoverian, and Saxon, and Hessian looks as the recompense of humiliation, would not have been paid. Hesse could only cede German soil, and Prussia would have ceded it without striking a stroke. As the demand was rejected, no matter with what secret assurances about Belgium, or Italy, or the future, all Germany exults in a union which has enabled it to defy a request which every German had awaited with secret alarm. Napoleon is in Germany more of a spectre even than he is in England, for in Germany old men remember '13, recollect the terrible effort it cost to expel the French soldiers who for eleven years had riddled in her capitals, had levied contributions at will, and had forced forty millions of people to postpone all the objects of life to the revival of military power. So far as the people are concerned fusion North of the Main would now be unresisted by all but a few Princes, some dozens of dependents, and some score thousands of democratic dreamers, and adhesion South of the Main would be opposed only by Kings and Ultramontanes, but one more difficulty remains. The King, yesterday resolved upon a meal of Kings, to-day hesitates, moved, some say, by his brother Charles, first noble in Prussia, who holds out a glowing mediæval picture of the Imperial Crown and vassal Kings; or influenced, say others, with greater probability,

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by his aunt, the Dowager Queen, a lady of great ability, Bavarian, Catholic in all but form, and penetrated with that theocratic idea which so greatly influenced her husband, and is not without influence on the reigning monarch himself; or governed, as we should imagine, by that doubt which haunts all victors, whether fortune is not about to turn. The doubt, we believe, will only produce a short delay, for the necessities of the case are plain. The King, though loth to degrade kings, is a soldier, who insists that war gives certain rights, and a Hohenzollern, with a tradition of annexations, and the decrees, if issued at all, must be issued before the signature of the Austrian Treaty. The Hapsburgs must not be left the right to say that they expected only a new Federation, and not the extinction of Germany in Prussia. But still the affair halts, and the organization of the new German Parliament halts with it, a curious comment on the English belief that personal government is on the whole decaying. Parliamentary influence is strong even in Germany, as we see from this very King's speech, but on the greatest questions of all, on peace and war, and the formation or division of nations, a personal will is still the strongest momentum, the most immovable obstacle. Bismark controlling the people has still reason to wish, as he said, that he had created his King.

From the London Review.

THE VALUE OF BRITISH AMERICA.

GENERAL BANKS of Massachusetts, out of his own State, is not known to fame. In the days of the American civil war he was heard of for a moment as the cause of ignominious failure and disgrace to the Federal arms; and he subsequently attracted some attention by his absurd conduct in connection with the Paris Exhibition. He now comes to the surface again, and we find him bringing a Bill before Congress to annex British North America to the United States. The proposal, however, that the United States should purchase British North America did not originate in the brain of Banks. The General merely gave the coinage currency. The author is a Mr. James W. Taylor, special agent of the Treasury department in Minnesota, who has, it must be admitted, approached the subject in the

spirit of a statesman. Nor is it put forth with the least unfriendly feeling to this country, for "the overture" is avowedly to be made "upon the fullest consultation with the Government of Great Britain." But nevertheless we have a scheme perfected. The lands unconceded, the harbours, the light-houses, the canals, the river and lake improvements, all the property of the Canadian and other Governments, with their lien on railways, are to be given over to the United States Government, who will thereupon assume the debts of the province. The transfer has only to be made, for the territorial divisions are already established. Even the number of members to be sent to Washington is determined, and, with two slight exceptions, viz., the consent of the population of British America and the concurrence of the Imperial Government, there is nothing to impede the measure. But as there may be some difficulty in obtaining these conditions, the scheme has been temporarily allowed to drop, to be revived, doubtless from time to time, when the Massachusetts manufacturers desire to extend their markets, and think they have a chance of doing so.

We cannot have a better proof of the value attached by the United States to British America, than the fact that they urge the general government to assume the Provincial debts, and to annex the territory. Mr. Taylor possesses statesmanship enough to provide for an improvement to which the Canadian Government have shown most reprehensible indifference—the enlargement of the Canadian canals. Mr. Taylor proposes to appropriate fifty millions of dollars "to aid the navigation of the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, that vessels of 1,500 tons burden shall pass from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to Lakes Michigan and Superior." Although ignored and neglected by the Canadian Government, the scheme is quite feasible. At present the produce of the West passes by the great lakes to the foot of Lake Erie, where it has an entrance at Buffalo, which is the point of entry of the route at Lake Erie. On the other hand, it takes the Welland Canal on the Canadian side to Lake Ontario, — to Oswego, — passing by the canal of that name to the main Erie Canal. The latter connects Lake Erie with Albany, — the waters of the Hudson. Such is the pressure of the trade that a vessel is eleven and twelve days passing from Lake Erie to the Hudson. New York is thus the one seaport of the West, but it would cease to be so to a great extent if the Canadian canals were deepened, and the navigation improved, as Mr. Taylor, who is

a Western man, had the sagacity to see. No little of the trade would then be transferred to Boston, which, indeed, might become the depot of the west.

But the greatest benefit resulting from this work would accrue to Canada. If the canals were deepened so that a sea-going vessel could pass, without breaking bulk in its cargo, to the Far West, the maritime highway would be through that province. For it may be said that the Erie Canal can be improved only to a very limited degree, owing to the difficulty of obtaining water, which is now admitted to be barely sufficient. It is true that the work would cost some millions of dollars, and that the shallow waters of Lakes St. Louis and St. Francis would require a large expenditure to dredge them; further, the necessity of keeping the navigation open while the enlargement was in progress would add greatly to its expense. But no one has doubted the feasibility of the scheme, or, at all events, has put his objections in such a form that they can be examined and answered. On the other hand, the condition of improving the navigation has been examined both by American and Canadian writers of eminence, at length, and with ability, to the extent that the information at the disposal of the writers would admit. It is plain that the American authorities are conversant with the value of the St. Lawrence as a highway, and General Banks may be considered to represent the public opinion of his State when he proposes that it shall be developed. Here lies the value of his extraordinary proposition to the English statesman. Even its ridiculous side disappears when it is so considered. The well-wisher of Canada ought, therefore, to be thankful. But to judge by the tone of indignation, which, without exception, characterizes Canadian journalism, British America is not particularly grateful to the General at the offer of incorporation in the great republic. If, however, Canada and the maritime provinces would examine it from our standing-point, they might think differently. Very probably the attention of English statesmen may be directed to the subject by it; and, what evidently is more difficult to effect, Canadian politicians may be turned away from their bickerings and intrigues to consider a policy which will advance every interest in the province, and will give a healthy stimulus to trade, so that progress will really be effected. Is it hard, indeed, to understand the indifference with which this important project has been treated.

From the Economist, Aug. 18.

THE APPROACHING FALL OF THE MEXICAN EMPIRE.

THE arrival of the Empress of Mexico in Europe, an arrival which so annoyed the French Government that semi-official journals denied its possibility, will we imagine be speedily followed by that of her husband. The Empress, it is said, has come over to press on Paris three demands — one personal, one pecuniary, and one political. Of these she will probably obtain one, possibly obtain two, and find that both are valueless without the third. The personal one is the recall of Marshal Bazaine, who is charged with neglecting duty, but whose real offence is an independence, not to say arrogance, which perplexes and irritates the Emperor Maximilian, but which any French general in the same position would be sure to exhibit. An independent Commander-in-chief has always grievances against the civil Sovereign, who is apt, being powerless in the army, to postpone its interests to those of departments under his immediate control. The recall will probably be granted, as Marshal Bazaine's health can fail when needful; but the concession will make no change in the situation. The pecuniary request will be more difficult to grant, involving as it does the remission of sums which have been counted in the French budget, and probably of all remittances on French account from Mexico. Setting aside alarmist and *couleur de rose* reports equally, we believe we shall find that the revenue of Mexico is stationary, that it will suffice for the expenses of fair administration, but that it yields in cash little or nothing for the payment of foreign debts, principal or interest. The remission, therefore, of the sum due to France must be made if the experiment is to go on, and if it does not go on the debts will remit themselves. It is possible, therefore, that M. Fould may consent to disturb of his own accord arrangements which will be disturbed by the current of events. The political demand is to extend the stay of the French troops, and this we think will be refused, as otherwise the immense efforts made by France to avoid collision with the United States must all be commenced afresh. The Government of Washington will certainly render no aid to an experiment which it wishes to see fail, and which its people are inclined to cause to fail. Yet without the troops it will be impossible long to maintain order in Mexico. The native army cannot be trusted — a regiment having already gone

over on the field—and the foreign legion is insufficient to do more than protect the capital. The mere hope of the French departure has sufficed to enable the "Liberals" to seize Matamoras, Tampico, and Monterey, and their actual departure will inevitably be followed by an explosion. The Emperor, though a well-meaning man, does not appear to have much organising power, and has formed no party within the country. He might have leaned upon the Church, but the Papal demands were too exorbitant; he might have relied upon the whites, but they demanded the re-establishment of peonage, and the terrible concession was made too late; he might have formed an Indian force, but no Sovereign will willingly place a half-civilised race above a civilized one. At all events, His Majesty has no party, and unless a catastrophe happens in the United States, and the Emperor of the French is thereby enabled to retain his garrison in Mexico, the best course he can pursue is to admit a failure, and return to Austria, where the success of the fleet which he organised has renewed his popularity. The experiment, though a very great one, has failed, and there is nothing for it but to leave Mexico to "regenerate" herself, if she can, and if she cannot, to sell her provinces one by one to the strong race whose ascendancy in America it was the object of this enterprise to prevent. As to the bondholders, they must take the risk of their investment, which we should say is considerable, unless they can prevail upon the Government of Washington to take over their claims for some low composition, and commute them for territory, which California at least would greatly like to acquire.

GEORGE III. (B. 1738; D. 1820).—At intervals he still took a lively interest in politics. His preception was good, though mixed up with a number of erroneous ideas; his memory was tenacious, but his judgment unsettled; and the loss of the royal authority seemed constantly to prey upon his mind. His malady seemed rather to increase than abate up to the year 1814, when, at the time of the Allied Sovereigns' arrival in England, he evinced indications of returning reason, and was made acquainted with the astonishing events which had recently occurred. The Queen, one day, found the afflicted monarch engaged in singing a

hymn, and accompanying himself on the harpsichord. After he had concluded the hymn, he knelt down, prayed for his family and the nation, and earnestly supplicated for the complete restoration of his mental powers. He then burst into tears, and his reason suddenly left him. One morning, hearing a bell toll, he asked who was dead, "Please your Majesty," said an attendant, "Mrs. S." "Mrs. S.," rejoined the King, "she was a linen draper, at the corner of—Street, and brought up her family in the fear of God. She has gone to heaven: I hope I shall soon follow her." He now became deaf, imbibed the idea that he was dead, and said, "I must have a suit of black, in memory of George III., for whom I know there is a general mourning." In 1817 he appeared to have a faint gleam of reason again; his sense of hearing returned more acute than ever, and he could distinguish persons by their footsteps. He likewise recollected that he had made a memorandum many years before, and it was found exactly where he indicated.

After 1818 he occupied a long suite of rooms, in which were placed several pianos and harpsichord; at these he would frequently stop during his walk, play a few notes from Handel, and then stroll on. He seemed cheerful, and would sometimes talk aloud, as if addressing some nobleman; but his discourse bore reference only to past events, for he had no knowledge of recent circumstances, either political or domestic. Towards the end of 1819 his appetite began to fail. In January, 1820, it was found impossible to keep him warm; his remaining teeth dropped out, and he was almost reduced to a skeleton. On the 27th he was confined wholly to his bed, and on the 29th January, 1820, he died, aged eighty-two years.—*Dr. Forbes Winslow's "Journal of Psychological Medicine."*

GEORGE IV. (B. 1762; D. 1830).—No man clung to life with greater eagerness than George IV., or was more unwilling to hear from those about him any hint or suspicion of his apparent decay. When confined to his room, and his case had become evidently hopeless, he still felt the vital stamina so strong in him that he would not believe his own danger; he talked of preparations for the approaching Ascot races, which he would attend in person, and showed a confidence in his recovery which all around knew to be impossible. On the 27th May, 1830, prayers were ordered to be read in the churches for the restoration of the King's health; and though the work of death was gradually approaching, the

most contradictory accounts were constantly circulated of his real state. At length the awful moment arrived. He went to bed without any particular symptom on the night of the 25th of June, but at three o'clock in the morning he seemed to awaken in great agitation, and called for assistance. Sir Wathen Waller, who was in attendance, came to his bedside, and at his request helped to raise him from his bed. He then exclaimed, "Watty, what is this? It is death! They have deceived me!" and in that situation, without a struggle, expired. — *Raikes's Journal.*

THE BOBOLINKS.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

When Nature had made all her birds,
And had no cares to think on,
She gave a rippling laugh — and out
There flew a Bobolinkon.

She laughed again, — out flew a mate.
A breeze of Eden bore them
Across the fields of Paradise,
The sunrise reddening o'er them.

Incarnate sport and holiday,
They flew and sang forever;
Their souls through June were all in tune,
Their wings were weary never.

The blithest song of breezy farms,
Quaintest of field-note flavors,
Exhaustless fount of trembling trills
And demi-semiquavers.

Their tribe still drunk with air and light
And perfume of the meadow,
Go reeling up and down the sky,
In sunshine and in shadow.

One springs from out the dew-wet grass,
Another follows after;
The morn is thrilling with their songs,
And peals of fairy laughter.

From out the marshes and the brook,
They set the tall reeds swinging,
And meet and frolic in the air,
Half prattling and half singing.

When morning winds sweep meadow lands,
In green and russet billows,

And toss the lonely elm tree's boughs,
And silver all the willows,

I see you buffeting the breeze,
Or with its motion swaying,
Your notes half drowned against the wind,
Or down the current playing.

When far away o'er grassy flats,
Where the thick wood commences,
The white-sleeved mowers look like specks
Beyond the zigzag fences,

And noon is hot, and barn-roofs gleam
White in the pale-blue distance,
I hear the saucy minstrel still
In chattering persistence.

When Eve her domes of opal fire
Piles round the blue horizon,
Or thunder rolls from hill to hill
A Kyrie Eleison, —

Still, merriest of the merry birds,
Your sparkle is unfading, —
Pied harlequins of June, no end
Of song and masquerading.

What cadences of bubbling mirth
Too quick for bar or rhythm!
What ecstasies, too full to keep
Coherent measure with them!

O, could I share, without champagne
Or muscadell, your frolic,
The glad delirium of your joy,
Your fun un-apostolic,

Your drunken jargon through the fields,
Your bobolinkish gabble,
Your fine anacreontic glee,
Your tipsy reveller's babble!

Nay, let me not profane such joy
With similes of folly, —
No wine of earth could waken songs
So delicately jolly.

O, boundless self-contentment, voiced
In flying air-born bubbles!
O joy that mocks our sad unrest,
And drowns our earth-born troubles!

Hope springs with you: I dread no more
Despondency and dullness;
For Good Supreme can never fail
That gives such perfect fulness.

The Life that floods the happy fields
With song and light and color
Will shape our lives to richer states,
And heap our measures fuller. — *Atlantic Monthly.*